The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXIV NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1930 NUMBER 826

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The Week

TWICE within a few weeks the United States government has launched wild attacks against Russia. The first of these was the hasty embargo on various imports from that country on the ground that they were the product of convict labor—an embargo which was withdrawn with equal haste almost as soon as it was in effect. The second demonstration of hostility has come with the charge by Mr. Arthur M. Hyde, Secretary of Agriculture, that the Soviet government, through the All-Russian Textile Syndicate, has been selling wheat short on the Chicago market. Mr. Hyde claims, in his slightly bombastic telegrams to the Board of Trade, that he has all the facts in his possession, but thus far, few of them have been made public. The amount of wheat alleged to have been sold short is something between five and fifteen million bushels, a quantity which is of no importance when compared with Chicago's normal trading. Mr. Hyde alleges that the Russian government ordered this wheat sold short for the purpose of depressing the price, making the American farmer more gloomy and thus causing him to be a better potential customer for Moscow's revolutionary propaganda. We have no means of knowing whether this statement is correct; we gravely doubt it, but it is true that from time to time Moscow exhibits the most weird misunderstanding of American psychology, and tries some astonishing things in consequence. All we can say is that whether the notion originated in Russia or in Mr. Hyde's imagination, it is some of the most incredible nonsense we have heard in recent years—and we have heard some lallapaloosas.

MR. HYDE, bless his innocent heart, makes much of the fact that there is a duty of forty-two cents a bushel on imports of wheat, and that therefore Russia could not possibly send us an amount equal to her short sales. Does he really suppose that the private citizens who every day of the year sell millions of bushels short have an equivalent amount hidden away down cellar in a teacup? Anybody, whether a government or a private individual, who sells wheat short takes a chance that he will be able to buy it at a lower price before the time when he is required to deliver. If in the meantime the price has gone up, he loses money. Somebody should take Mr. Hyde out behind the barn and give him a few elementary lessons in that dignified form of gambling known as dealing on the exchange. Representatives of both the Chicago Board of Trade and the Russian purchasing agencies insist that the transactions over which Secretary Hyde has waxed so wroth were the ordinary routine procedure of "hedging." Russia has a lot of wheat to export; and like any other owner of that commodity, she has sold some short as a form of insurance in case the price should decline. This seems a much more sensible explanation of what has happened than Mr. Hyde's harum-scarum idea of a plot to jolt the farmer into Communism. A good many people feel that short selling ought to be prohibited by law; but even if this is true, you obviously cannot begin by prohibiting to one government what you continue to permit to others and to private individuals.

THAT Mr. Hyde has begun to realize the absurdity of his position is indicated by the fact that only seventy-two hours after he fired his first gun, he showed signs of seeking to change his plan of

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battle. The new protest is not against short selling in Chicago but the actual delivery of Russian wheat in the European markets. Once again the daily press is filled with sensational headlines, indicating that the farmers of the entire world are being ruined by the wicked Bolshevists who are underselling everybody else. The international wheat situation is certainly serious, and we have no desire to minimize it. At the same time, there are several things which ought to be said about this newest anti-Russian drive: (1) Agriculture throughout the world was gravely depressed long before the Russians began their present export of wheat, and the governments ought not to be allowed to lay the whole blame on them. (2) The Soviet government cannot set the price of wheat, which is made at Liverpool on a basis of the relation between visible world supply and world needs. (3) It is idiotic to suppose that the Russians want to sell their wheat for anything less than the highest price they can possibly get for it, since their purpose in exporting is to create badly needed credits abroad. (4) The best available evidence indicates that Russia intends to export only a comparatively small quantity of wheat and far less than her normal export prior to the Great War. (5) Governmental dumping of certain products in foreign countries is nothing new: it has been practised by various powers over long periods, and was proposed in the United States, in regard to wheat itself, in the "export debenture" plan, which had the support of many conservative Americans.

THE most alarming aspect of the whole Russian wheat incident, down to date, is what it shows us of the mood of the Hoover administration. This incident, plus Mr. Lowman's late unlamented embargo, reveal an extraordinary animosity toward Russia, an animosity which either is without sound reason or is based upon something which the administration is unwilling to make public. It seems to us probable that the former is the case: that Mr. Hoover very bitterly dislikes Russia, the Russian government and Communism, and is going out of his way to find occasions to pick a quarrel with the Soviet regime. If we are correct, there is no reason for the alarm recently manifested in certain conservative quarters lest the United States should recognize the U. S. S. R. within the next few months. Far more important, however, is the fact that Mr. Hoover is frittering away his own moral prestige, and that of his administration, by these sudden, unjustified alarums and excursions.

THE plight of American farmers is nothing compared to that of the agricultural nations of eastern Europe. Faced on the one hand by Soviet Russia, with its new policy of selling wheat in the world markets below the cost of production, if necessary, and on the other hand by the United States, with its determination to buy nothing and export its own products, they are undergoing an economic crisis as severe as any in their history. Their position, says Virgile Madgearu of Rumania, one of their spokesmen in the League of Nations, is "absolutely tragic." It is only fair that the industrial nations of western Europe, to whom they are turning in this extremity, should give them "a chance to live." And in what does this chance consist? Eight of the East European agricultural states—Esthonia, Latvia, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Hungary, Jugoslavia and Bulgaria—recently met at a conference in Warsaw to discuss the question. The delegates represented a solid block of territory extending from the Baltic to the Black Sea and inhabited by 95,000,000 people, 70 percent of whom depend for their livelihood directly on the soil. The only salvation for these people, so the delegates decided, was to find a market for their excess agricultural products in western Europe. Tariff walls would have to be broken down in their favor —while they, in return, would let down their own tariff walls to admit the machinery and textiles of the Western industrial nations. The proposal is sound in theory, tending as it does toward a general European tariff union, but in practice it conflicts with international law and existing treaties. How could France and Italy, for example, admit Polish wheat free of duty while barring out wheat from Russia and Canada? How could Rumania buy French textiles while levying a prohibitive tariff against those from North Carolina? Only the League of Nations could authorize this new tariff union, and the League of Nations is divided. Germany is in favor of the proposal. Holland is unwilling to burden its factory workers with a tax on overseas grain; France, which has farmers of its own to protect, suggests that the whole problem be discussed at a later conference. Meanwhile the Polish and Rumanian peasants will struggle along as best they can, going barefoot, sewing their rags together with twine and feeding their excess wheat to the hogs.

THE civil war in China has ended with the collapse of the Northern rebels, and the regime set up in Peking by the alliance of Feng Yu-hsiang and Yen Hsi-Shan has disappeared. Nanking therefore emerges successfully from its severest test since it set itself up as the legal government of China. The result will no doubt surprise many Americans who have been accustomed to read in some of their most important newspapers almost daily predictions of Nanking's imminent defeat and elimination— predictions inspired by wish even more than judgment. The Northern rebellion is crushed, but a new factor enters with the reëntry of the Manchurian forces, which have come through the Great Wall again and occupied Tientsin and Peking. The group surrounding Chang Hsueh-liang, nominal dictator of the Manchurian provinces, has given formal allegiance to the Nanking government and shown at least benevolent neutrality in the civil war, but Manchuria has been in effect independent of

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Nanking. Whether the Manchurian party will also govern the provinces dominated by Peking, as territory independent of Nanking, remains to be seen. If so, China is no nearer unification than before.

THE primary elections held last week in many parts of the United States were of interest mainly for their bearing on the course of the prohibition debate. But they have also given other, more definite results, most of which will, we think, be received with pleasure by our readers. In California, Governor C. C. Young, who has so long been responsible for keeping Mooney and Billings in jail, lost the Republican gubernatorial nomination to Mayor Rolph of San Francisco. In Wisconsin, Phillip LaFollette, brother of Senator Robert M. LaFollette, won the Republican nomination over the present incumbent, Governor Kohler. Phil LaFollette is a good man, he comes of a good family, and we believe he will make a fine Governor. The extraordinary Cole Blease is again retired from public life, and so are "Ma" and Jim Ferguson in Texas, "Ma" having been snowed under in the run-off election late in August. Those old-fashioned persons who believe that a political democracy does function, after all, are entitled to point to some, at least, of the primary results as evidence on their side.

THE beer barons who ran the Rising Sun brewery in Elizabeth, New Jersey, had a touch of Robin Hood in their nature. They were quick on the trigger, but they also distributed a case of beer each month to every family in the neighborhood. They sold eight or ten carloads each day, and they hired, at good wages, a number of honest brewers, truckmen and stationary engineers, in a city where the employment problem is as serious as in most parts of the country. They were popular in the community, and perhaps not unfriendly with the local police. Accordingly, when their premises were invaded by prohibition agents from Philadelphia, the raid was organized as secretly as a bank robbery—as secretly as the arrest of an escaped slave in Ohio during the days after the Dred Scott decision. The police were not informed. The New Jersey prohibition director was not informed. Most of the Philadelphia agents, even, were left in ignorance—and yet the news somehow spread among the racketeers. Before one of the two automobiles that bore the chosen raiders had left the suburbs of Philadelphia, it was deliberately side-swiped and destroyed by another car, which disappeared. The agents crowded into the remaining car and continued on their way. What happened after they entered the brewery—how they were surprised in the boiler room while inspecting their prisoners, how one of them was shot down in cold blood by the gangsters, and how at last they called for the local police—has been told often in the newspapers. What has perhaps not been emphasized is the attitude of the crowd that quickly gathered outside the brewery. The crowd was not disturbed in its sympathies by the murder of a prohibition agent in cold blood. The crowd was ugly; it hooted and jeered; every time a face which was not that of a local policeman appeared at the brewery windows, there was a volley of stones. And meanwhile, inside the gaunt old building, the chosen defenders of the law were doing what? They were effectively and quite lawlessly destroying the vats, the boilers, the pipes, the engines, so that another barrel even of near-beer could never be brewed in the Rising Sun. . . . And so the Noble Experiment progresses, carrying us sometimes forward toward Utopia, and sometimes backward toward the street brawls of medieval Italy.

IMPORTANT principles of American law are involved in the case of Guido Serio, a well known Italian Communist now resident in the United States. Serio made a speech in Erie, Pennsylvania, on May 11 last, at a meeting called by the Communists to protest against unemployment. He was immediately arrested, imprisoned and held in bail of $25,000, although as a rule a thousand or so is considered ample in these cases. Despite the fact that he is widely known as a Communist, Serio was held for deportation on the charge of being an anarchist. He has been ordered deported, and all efforts to get the Department of Labor to reconsider his status have proved unavailing. The amazing feature of his case is that the American government insists *he must be deported to Italy,* though, in previous cases of the same character, an individual who agrees to leave the United States while deportation action is pending against him has invariably been allowed to select the country to which he will go. To send Serio to Italy is, of course, a sentence of death; he is practically certain to be killed by the Fascists under the law regarding citizens who work against the Mussolini regime in foreign countries (Serio was secretary of the Anti-Fascist Alliance of North America, and was active in similar work in Italy before he made his escape from that country in 1925). What this all amounts to is that the United States government is solemnly doing its best to get a man killed for being a Communist, although the Communist party is a legal organization here and participates in our national elections. It seems an odd sort of footnote for history to record in the reign of Herbert the Great Humanitarian.

OF THE five Gastonia prisoners who fled to Russia, it now seems that three have definitely decided to remain there in freedom. It is easy to comment on the shortsightedness and folly of the Comintern in encouraging this decision. It affords, as Jay Lovestone said, an excuse to hostile courts "to deny bail or place prohibitive bail for workers arrested because of their activity in the class struggle." It seriously depletes the scanty bail funds now available for such workers. Moreover, purely

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as a matter of tactics, the American Communist party needs martyrs and needs them at home. Personally to criticize Miller, Harrison and McGinnis for jumping bail would, on the other hand, be a very ungrateful task. After all, their guilt was never adequately proved, their sentences are unduly long, and the killing of which they stand convicted was committed in the midst of a labor war, when their enemies were offering no quarter. In Moscow these three men will have comfortable jobs; in North Carolina, it is doubtful whether they would ever come out alive from prison. The same is true of Beal and Hendricks—a fact which lends moral dignity to their reported decision to return from Russia, surrender and serve out their sentences. It is also reported that the two remaining defendants, George Cartem and Louis McLaughlin, who have been hiding in this country, will surrender at the same time. If the reports are true, these four men will be performing an incalculable service to their own cause; and they will be admired by non-Communists more than would be a thousand semi-martyrs growing fat in the Moscow offices of the Comintern.

Why Tammany Survives

WEEK by week, and almost day by day, additional scandals are unearthed in the government of New York City. The list of men occupying important posts who have been charged with, or in some cases convicted of, wrongdoing, is now too extensive even to be set down in these pages. For the past month or two the revelations have mainly dealt with the city magistrates, but there is no reason to believe that the judiciary is much more corrupt than other branches of the municipal administration. Since Mayor Walker took office grave scandals have also been unearthed in half a dozen other departments. Indeed, the most significant aspect of the whole matter is that wherever the searchlight of investigation is turned, corruption is found. It goes without saying that the leaders of the Democratic party, which controls New York City through Tammany Hall, have shown singularly little interest either in finding out what is wrong or in remedying it. Most of the important revelations in recent weeks have come from the office of Federal District Attorney Charles H. Tuttle, a Republican and a candidate for the New York gubernatorial nomination, who has just offered his resignation to President Hoover. Mr. Tuttle has frequently been hard put to it to find a legal pretext for bringing the federal government into what is obviously an affair of New York City alone; but in view of the disclosures the citizens owe him a debt of gratitude for going out of his way to do what nobody else showed any interest in doing.

It may be taken for granted, then, that Tammany's administration of New York is now the most inefficient and corrupt in many years. While it is true that the grafters are not so brazen as they were in the days of Croker and Tweed, it is also true that the amounts of money involved are enormously larger today than ever in the past. Fifty years ago, the main bases of corruption were prostitution and gambling. Today, bootlegging is, of course, an enormous source of illicit revenue to politicians and their friends, but the most important connection is with big business. The man with a $10,000,000 skyscraper to build, the steamship company asking a long lease on municipal wharves, the rapid-transit corporation seeking various favors, all give opportunities for graft a hundred times more profitable than is furnished by the keeper of a disorderly house or gambling den. Some of the most important sources of revenue now come under the heading of what is termed "honest graft," which is essentially gambling for a rise in the market, with the advantage of inside information. It is probable, for instance, that speculation in real estate along the route of a new subway, which has been determined upon but not yet made known to the public, returns greater profits in a few months than the old-fashioned crooked politician could accumulate in decades of earnest and illegitimate endeavor.

These facts being now fairly well known to the general public, it is interesting to consider what their political effect will be. There is no municipal election in New York City until next year; but state officers will be elected in November, and politicians are pondering the possible repercussion of the disclosures. New York state is rather closely balanced between the two parties; Al Smith's enormous personal popularity during the past ten years has caused him to outrun the normal Democratic vote and be elected Governor while the Legislature remained Republican; but Governor Roosevelt, while respected and liked, does not arouse the same devotion. The Democrats had hoped to win this year's election on the prohibition question, but it now seems probable that both parties will be Wet. There is at least a possibility that the scandals in New York City may turn the scale against the Democrats in the state election.

When it comes to next year's municipal campaign, however, well informed political observers are almost unanimous in saying that as things are now going, the scandals will not be of sufficient importance to prevent another Tammany victory. It is possible that the Tiger may decide to scrap happy-go-lucky Jimmy Walker and make the race with someone not associated with the present mess; but it is not even certain that they will do this, and many observers believe that Jimmy could be re-elected by a safe margin. A glance at the figures will give the reason for their confidence. In the last municipal election, that of 1929, Walker received 865,546 votes. Congressman LaGuardia, the Republican candidate, came next with 368,384 and Norman Thomas, for the Socialists, had 174,931. Former Police Commissioner Enright, with his astonishing "Square Deal" party, got 5,956.

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In other words, Mayor Walker had a plurality of 316,275 votes beyond all of his rivals combined, and of 477,162 over his most dangerous rival, Mr. LaGuardia. In order to have defeated Mayor Walker, it would have been necessary for at least 248,582 voters, who in fact voted for someone else, to support Mr. LaGuardia. The Socialist vote, by and large, is one of protest against both the old-line parties, and it is doubtful whether many of Mr. Thomas's 174,000 could have been transferred to Mr. LaGuardia. Almost the entire 248,000 would therefore have needed to come from the Democrats. Is there any reason to believe that such a shift is possible in 1931?

Much would depend, of course, on the personality of the Republican or Fusion candidate. If another man could be found like the late John Purroy Mitchel, it is possible that the history of the latter's victory might be repeated. But every realist knows that the chances are all against such a thing. There is no doubt that potential candidates of this sort exist; but there is also no doubt that the all-powerful Republican party machine would fight to the death against choosing a reformer, and would secretly knife him in the election if he managed to obtain the nomination. There is little to choose between the Republican and Democratic machines in New York City; if the Republicans have a better record, it is simply because they have not enjoyed the Democrats' opportunity for looting. Everyone knows that the Republicans are today in a secret alliance with Tammany, bought and paid for by allotting them a modest share of the patronage.

But even if this were not true, even if the Republicans stood for municipal honesty and offered a candidate who could be trusted to clean house, it still seems unlikely that he would win. For the plain fact of the matter is that the people of New York City find a satisfaction in supporting Tammany which is not destroyed by such evidence of dishonesty and inefficiency as has thus far been made public. All the available facts indicate that the citizens of the metropolis are not much interested in municipal honesty. If they realized how great is the cost to them of corruption and incompetency, their attitude might be altered; but this cost is now concealed. It is reflected in higher tax rates, but since they do not know what the tax rate ought to be, and have never heard that it is far lower in honestly administered communities, the figures mean nothing. Most of them, moreover, pay hardly any direct tax at all; the burden which Tammany lays on them comes in the form of higher rents, of an increased price for the necessities of life, of inadequate public-health service, dirty streets that ought to be clean, and the like. As long as the subway fare remains five cents, they are content.

Behind these facts, however, there lie still deeper ones. New York is the world's greatest center of entrenched wealth. Conspicuous waste, which Veblen years ago pointed out as the hallmark of the capitalist, goes on at a rate which has rarely been equaled since the days of ancient Rome. The notion that in America the poor do not envy the rich, because they expect some day to be rich themselves, is fallacious, at least in the metropolis; the man who must keep a family on $2,300 (the average income in New York), hates the inhabitants of Park Avenue whose limousines cause him to leap for his life when he tries to cross the street. It is highly significant that Mayor Mitchel was defeated, when he sought reëlection, chiefly on the ground that he was a personal friend of the Vanderbilts.

Tammany today profits by a generation of muckraking, by the nationwide hatred of "Wall Street," by all the propaganda efforts of the Socialists. Its cohorts ignore the fact that leaders like Al Smith and Jimmy Walker are themselves millionaires, or rapidly moving toward that happy state; they forget that the district leader of today is more likely to be found wearing knickers and playing golf at an expensive country club than sitting behind a big cigar in the back room of a saloon. These leaders are shrewd enough to continue to talk in the accents of the mob, and to recite the shibboleths to which the mob is accustomed. Also Tammany's charity system is famous; a vast part of the time of the active workers is still devoted to getting jobs for good Democrats out of work, to rescuing them from jail if they have been guilty of petty offenses and to doling out free ice in summer, free coal in winter and other perquisites of negligible monetary but enormous spiritual value.

No government ever seemed so friendly, easy and familiar as does that of New York City to the loyal voter; and as long as Tammany is shrewd enough to maintain this pose, its power cannot be seriously challenged. From time to time it will, as its apologists are saying at present, "get a little careless" because it has stayed in power so long and so easily; but in its long perspective, such a storm as the present one is only a minor squall which will blow over without any real threat to the safety of the organization. If it is ever overthrown, it will be when its opponents look at the situation realistically, fight Tammany with its own weapons, and stop expecting the rank and file of the voters to display a moral indignation which, it is quite obvious, they do not feel.

Unrest in the Caribbean

SENATOR Walsh of Massachusetts has added his voice to the others which warn us that trouble is again brewing in the Caribbean. Though storm clouds are gathering in both Cuba and Haiti, it is with the former country that Senator Walsh is concerned, and it is true that the situation there is more crucial than that in the Negro republic. The Machado regime, which has so long maintained itself in power partly by trickery and

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partly by cruel suppression of its opponents, is more seriously threatened at this moment than ever before.

Probably most of those Americans who are aware that there is such a thing as the Platt Amendment have an idea that it obligates the United States to prevent revolution in Cuba. Even Joseph P. Cotton, Under-secretary of State, is reported to have said to a group of newspapermen a few days ago that "this country is bound to go to the assistance of Cuba if its established government is overthrown." If Mr. Cotton meant his words to be a threat to the revolutionists (and they are certain to be so interpreted in Cuba) they constituted an outrageous misstatement of the meaning of the Platt Amendment. That famous document says that the United States has the right to intervene at any time "for the maintenance of a government adequate for the protection of life, property and individual liberty." It says nothing whatever about supporting a ruthless dictatorship like that of Machado, or attacking those who seek to set up in its place a regime conducted a little more in accordance with democratic ideas.

It is dubious, however, whether any threat from the United States can very much longer retard the threatening storm of revolution. Economic conditions upon the island have been drifting from bad to worse and the laboring class is living in utter misery. Political conditions are no better. Alarmed by the increasing weakness of his government, Machado made a few gestures of peace toward the Nationalists in July. He even went so far as to introduce a bill into Congress which would permit them to take part in the November elections. The bill was rejected for the reason that the present congressmen, who owe their seats to Machado's dictatorship, would probably be defeated, while he himself would remain president until 1935. The Nationalists also rejected Machado's proposal because it contained no satisfactory guarantee that the elections would be honest.

All efforts at patching up a truce have now failed, and within the last few weeks the rumble of the approaching storm has moved Machado to even greater vigilance than ever. He has established a strict censorshop of the press and has placed government guards on all railroads and highways and in all public buildings. Though he has been forced for financial reasons to cut the salaries of army officers, he has not interfered with the perquisites of the rank and file, hoping thereby to retain their loyalty

Whether Machado, who in the past has proved unscrupulous in defending his dictatorship, will succeed in crushing the revolution, remains to be seen. But if the American State Department is genuinely interested in protecting the peace of Cuba, it has only to invite Machado to restore the electoral code before the November election. Such an invitation would imply that the State Department understands the Cuban situation and would therefore probably result in Machado's resignation. It would also reassure the Nationalists, who at present do not know just where the American government stands in regard to Cuban affairs, and it might even avert the threatened revolution.

In regard to the neighboring island of Haiti, the best that can be said is that the storm clouds are somewhat less dark than those over Cuba. The national elections take place October 10, and it is hoped that they will mark the end of the dictatorship, which has so long continued under American auspices, and the beginning of parliamentary reforms. However, it is reported that there are more than fifty presidential candidates in the field, and if the American officials do not bend every effort to see that the elections are fair, and that order is maintained, anything is likely to happen. There is widespread belief that some of the American officials would welcome violence in the elections, as tending to prove that the reforms promised in the Forbes report are impossible and that the occupation by United States Marines ought to continue indefinitely.

Much of the good feeling created when the contents of the Forbes report were made known has subsequently been dissipated by untactful actions of the Americans. The Haitian Cabinet resigned rather than yield to the insistence of the State Department that Dr. Carl Colvin should be made head of the department of agricultural relations. There was also questionable wisdom in the selection of Dr. Dana Munro to succeed General Russell of the Marine Corps when the latter retires after the elections of October 10. Dr. Munro is a scholar and an able man, but the recommendations of the Forbes report could have been carried out more easily by someone who was not fettered by State Department associations. That report remains one of the few solid achievements of the Hoover administration up to date. It would be a profound tragedy if, by the insidious influence of imperially minded gentlemen in Port-au-Prince and Washington, the bold steps toward Haitian independence which it proposed should be changed little by little, and if the shackles of the United States should finally remain in place.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1930, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK

EDITORS

BRUCE BLIVEN MALCOLM COWLEY R. M. LOVETT
GEORGE SOULE EDMUND WILSON STARK YOUNG

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JANE ADDAMS JOHN DEWEY WALDO FRANK
ALVIN JOHNSON E. C. LINDEMAN LEWIS MUMFORD
GILBERT SELDES R. G. TUGWELL LEO WOLMAN

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Mare Nostrum

FOR AS long as the memory of Western man runs, the European has thought of his society as being the center of the universe. For him the map of the world has always had two sections, a central zone (Europe) and a peripheral zone (the non-European continents). Movements towards the periphery were explorations; movements towards the center were invasions. Europe was the civilized world and the other continents were potentially colonial territory whose destiny was in the last analysis determined at European council tables. The rest of the world mattered, but it mattered only as it came to be labeled as the zone of influence of this or that power and so disturbed the ratio of the balance of power.

The tragedy of European statesmanship during the first decade of this century was that the picture was even then false. But from the moment of the decisive entrance of the United States into the War, it was evident that a self-contained European world no longer existed. The balance of the Old World had been destroyed by the mere existence of the United States. The fact that the strongest nation in the world was situated outside of Europe and yet had vital interests in Europe, reduced to sheer futility any attempt to base the maintenance of peace upon a reshuffling of power groups in Europe. No balance had any prospect of permanence which disregarded the United States, and yet the nicely adjusted scales of the European political system could not stand the strain of the addition of America's excessive weight. They crashed the moment it was thrown in.

The balance of the Old World has also been destroyed by America's economic outthrust towards Europe. Because of the presence of American firms there, and the recent reorganizations of European industry to meet a generalized market, a common system of production and merchandising is coming into being around the shores of the North Atlantic. This system is so universal in its extent and so revolutionary in its implications for society that no aspect of life can escape its influence. Its development is equivalent to the development of a new civilization. It means the creation of a common field of activity from Puget Sound to the Black Sea.

The emerging outlines of this new civilization closely resemble the outlines of the Mediterranean civilization formed under the influence of the Roman Empire. Seas and oceans are the natural cradles of civilization, and the function which the Mediterranean served for a thousand years during one of the great periods of human history may be a function which the Atlantic is about to assume. It was the march of the legions which gave the Mediterranean world its unity. It is the flow of machine-made goods which will bind together the world of the North Atlantic. Before the legions could march, the imperial roads had to be constructed, stretching in one continuous system from the North Sea to the frontiers of India. Before the goods can flow, the whole vast system of modern commercial distribution has to be perfected from the Golden Gate to the Golden Horn. The Roman roads furnished the framework over which the Mediterranean civilization could grow, and all the roads of the empire led to Rome. The American system of marketing is the modern equivalent of the Roman roads. What was once a milestone is now a billboard. The roads which once led to the Imperial City now lead to the imperial consumer, and his home is everywhere. The world was once held together by concentrated rule; it is now held together by dispersed desire. Society around the Mediterranean basin received its cohesion from a superimposed network of administrative civil regulations. Society around the basin of the North Atlantic receives its cohesion from the self-expressed network of unsatisfied wants which unites the peasant of the Rhineland with the villager of the Mississippi in one all-inclusive consumer's communism. Where once there were proconsuls who maintained the imperial administrative system there are now high-powered business executives and salesmen who know how to stimulate these desires and to satisfy them the moment they are expressed. There was once a military strategy for the Mediterranean world. There is now an automobile strategy or a refrigerator strategy or a paper-bag strategy for the North Atlantic world. And who can say whether the dynamic behind the ideal of every family between Los Angeles and Moscow possessing a Model A may not prove to be an even more revolutionary force in its ultimate effects upon human society than the maintenance of the Pax Romana.

The unity of this civilization is an economic unity. It is the third great attempt to provide a basis for unity in the Western world. There was the attempt of the Roman Eagle, followed by the attempt of the Roman See. The Vatican preserved in ecclesiastical forms the best administrative traditions of the empire. Both attempts were ultimately based on the use of coercive force, and both attempts failed. The Roman way may have failed, but in failing it produced men who could draft a Justinian code and design a cathedral of Gerona. It remains to be seen whether the American way will succeed or, if it does, what impress it will leave on man's mind.

The practice which is giving unity to the North Atlantic area is the practice of regarding it as a market. This way of considering people is the most

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distinctive contribution which America has made to the world's life. It represents the essential genius of the American people. Instead of thinking of the inhabitants of a distant territory as prospective enemies or competitors, the large-scale American producer thinks of them quite naturally as potential consumers. For him both Europeans and Californians are possible buyers of his wares, whose good will he wishes to cultivate. From his point of view there is no longer an exclusively American market any more than there is an exclusively New York market. He thinks in terms of a world market. But the North Atlantic forms the most important section of that market, since the racial and social affinities of the people who live on its shores mean that they are capable of acquiring common tastes and hence of desiring common wares. If an article sells from Seattle to Key West, there is a reasonable presumption that it will also sell from Seattle to Odessa.

The North Atlantic area, however, is more than a market. The American impact on Europe is more than the impact of American goods; for the goods which come are mostly consumer's goods, and they bring with them the whole American way of life. The reactions which it is causing are many and profound, and there is a wide divergence of opinion as to their significance. To the American executive who accepts a foreign order it is just one more sale; to the European observer it may appear in several different lights.

There are certain Europeans to whom America is the Promised Land—the hope of the future. They feel cramped by the limits of an old and somewhat inflexible society, and are revivified by America's endless vision of possibilities, her optimism, her belief in the power of individual men. The lyricism with which they respond is the lyricism of a renaissance. It is such a spirit that made the Marquess of Lothian (Philip Kerr), in reviewing M. André Siegfried's book, "America Comes of Age," criticize it as too pessimistic. He closed by saying, "The really interesting and important thing is what is going to emerge from that boiling pot in which Puritanism and Roman Catholicism and zeal for education, Wall Street, Henry Ford and Rotary, capitalism and democracy are seething together. I may be optimistic, but I cannot help thinking that neither Rockefeller nor Karl Marx, but a civilization which has learned something from them all is arising which will do much to . . . invigorate the now somewhat faithless cultures of the Old World."

A second attitude is a more moderate one. It recognizes and gives generous credit for what America has been able to do in bettering the lot of man; it finds the American world a comfortable place to live in, but is inclined to ask whether, in the test of a civilization, material accomplishment will be enough, whether a world of pure prosperity is not a world of spiritual want. M. Luc Durtain summarizes this view when he says that America brings to the world today "important new developments: not much science but new scientific technique; and, in art, a powerful architecture. And, beyond that, the enormous success of a union which, up to the present, has been very nearly a peaceful one, offers to a ridiculously divided Europe an example that is all the more salutary for being coupled with a menace. But this country across the sea to which an unlimited affirmation of itself has brought so superb a result, lacks two essential goods: contradiction and suffering."

Leopold Ziegler explains these deficiencies as follows: To almost all the immigrants who went there, America was the Promised Land, the lost Garden of Eden. Little by little, as they prospered, it became the Garden of Eden in the sense that American life began to remove from the lot of man the marks of the Fall which the European had come to accept as an inevitable consequence of original sin. Poverty, sickness and death, with the suffering that companions them, began to be eradicated from the American scene. Wealth derived from the inanimate resources of the continent decreased poverty to a greater extent than anywhere in history; life-extension institutes and the science of preventive medicine made measurable progress in overcoming disease, and Christian Science was based on the tenet that there is no such thing as death.

Both of these observers touch the same two facets of American life: its physical plenty and its spiritual shallowness. They feel that life has been too easily externalized, that values are materially measured, and are based upon no inner standard that a man has made his own. The American attempt to reproduce, by a simple financial transaction, a tradition which has taken generations to grow from within, is the chief irritant in the third European attitude towards America and Americanism, an attitude of unmixed hostility.

The people who defend this attitude feel that their whole heritage, both the ways of life and the objects that they hold most dear, is being either bought out or pensioned off by American wealth. They resent the fact that the Old World, which has always had a pride in being itself, should now be paid to remain so for the benefit of American tourists. They see peasant industries, from pottery to folk dancing, revived merely for export; they observe that the birthplace or famous-home industry, from Stratford to Weimar to Assisi, is bringing to many prophets a belated recognition in their own country; they see castles and country seats whose upkeep was becoming a problem now being supported by visitors' fees. They are forced to look on while moneyed Americans carry away such masterpieces as Gainsborough's "Blue Boy," or while the less moneyed tourist gathers culture in the tabloid form of cheap facsimiles and commemorative coins.

Europeans thus consider Americans in a variety of ways. What to one European is a breath of fresh air in a stuffy world is to another an example

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of America's "eternal infancy." The basis of this divergence of impression lies in the divergence of interest among the Europeans themselves. There are Europeans who think that the fact-finding attitude towards life, the greatest possible externalization and devaluation of the subjective world, is the only attitude that can be accepted honestly by a twentieth-century man. There are others who see in the world of individual values, in the inner imperatives back of creed and code, the living essence that has made the greatness of Western civilization. There are some who feel that religion since the reformation has been too individualistic, too occupied with theology and metaphysics, that the task of modernism is to apply the ethics of a Jesus of history to social relationships. There are others who believe that such religion substitutes a Cult of Man for the worship of a transcendent God, and that religion must stop wandering in the facile paths of nineteenth-century progress and return to realities which are fundamentally austere. There are some who anticipate the fullest expression of life in the dynamics of action. There are others who seek perfection in the statics of completed form.

Now the first-mentioned member of each of these pairs of attitudes is an aspect of what is commonly called Americanism. Life full of tempo, life in a multitude of free relationships, life lived objectively in the light of facts—such has been the European definition of life *à l'américaine*. To a large extent it is still the European definition, but two realities are gradually becoming clear. The first of these is that many members of the European society hold the views that are alleged to be indigenous only to America. The second is that within the United States there are groups whose convictions are just the ones usually vaunted as the unique heritage of the Old World.

In 1929 M. Jean Guéhenno, editor of Europe, brought out a book entitled, "Caliban Parle," in which Caliban, the Fourth Estate, brings a case against Prospero, the privileged intellectual, that directly parallels the American case for economic and cultural democracy. In the same year Mr. Krutch wrote "The Modern Temper," which laments that "we read but we do not write tragedies. The tragic solution of the problem of existence, the reconciliation to life by means of the tragic spirit, is, that is to say, now only a fiction surviving in art. When that art has become, as it probably will, meaningless, when we have ceased not only to write but to read tragic words, then it will be lost and in all real senses forgotten, since the devolution from Religion to Art to Document will be complete." His vein is exactly that which one would expect from a European in despair at the passing of his tradition. In 1928, a philosophy which defended the standpoint of the urbane spectator as the position most to be sought in life was published with French illustrations by M. Julien Benda in his "Trahison des Clercs." The following spring an American defense of the same position appeared as "A Preface to Morals" from the pen of Mr. Walter Lippmann. In the world of culture a North Atlantic civilization is arising in which there is a common citizenship. Each of the national groups whose populations form a part of this civilization has its *nouveaux riches*, its modernists, its pragmatic men of action. Each of them has also its aristocrats, its traditionalists and its persons who are primarily interested in form. The proportions of each differ, but the only real divisions are horizontal ones, cutting across all countries to divide these different kinds. In an ever increasing measure, the two societies are finding that their actions and reactions are not the actions and reactions of two different wholes, but common movements in a single civilization.

But while an intercontinental market is superseding the national market as the characteristic field of economic activity in the North Atlantic, and while cultural groups are forming across national frontiers, the political interest of different nations remains, to a very large extent, identified with the destiny of their respective states. This is more true of the United States than of any European country. In recent years, European nations have begun to acquire a sense of a public good more inclusive than the national good, and they have also begun to develop their foreign policies on that basis. Meanwhile, the area of the North Atlantic has begun to acquire the significance for international affairs that had formerly been characteristic of the European area, but as it has done so the United States has adopted a policy of sovereign-state particularism identical with the traditional particularism of European states. The result is that the political society of the North Atlantic is confronted with the same possibilities and the same dangers which have, in former times, confronted European society.

There is the possibility that in place of the now discarded European balance-of-power system, a transatlantic balance-of-power system will begin to emerge between the United States and the Continent, with Great Britain as the unbalancing factor, or between the United States and Great Britain, with Continental states as the unbalancing factor. And the very idea of a balance of power has latent within it the potential idea of a conflict of power. If this idea is not to become increasingly prominent, what is wanted is not balance between nations but conference between governments, and conference relating not only to the political, but to the economic sphere. Failing participation in regular international conference, the balance-of-power system may be the only alternative, but as long as it lasts the ideal of peace will continue to be a very tenuous ideal. If power groups form in Europe and America and set the interests of the one off against the interests of the other, the history of the Rhine will be duplicated in the history of the North Atlantic.

FRANCIS MILLER and HELEN HILL.

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Expelled

Teachers often write brilliant things about their pupils, but it is very seldom that pupils of preparatory-school age are able to return the compliment. Jon Cheever is an exception. Last spring he was expelled from an academy in Massachusetts at the end of his junior year. In the following sketches, written at the age of seventeen, he reproduces the atmosphere of an institution where education is served out dry in cakes, like pemmican.—THE EDITORS.

IT DIDN'T come all at once. It took a very long time. First I had a skirmish with the English department and then all the other departments. Pretty soon something had to be done. The first signs were cordialities on the part of the headmaster. He was never nice to anybody unless he was a football star, or hadn't paid his tuition or was going to be expelled. That's how I knew.

He called me down to his office with the carved chairs arranged in a semicircle and the brocade curtains resting against the vacant windows. All about him were pictures of people who had got scholarships at Harvard. He asked me to sit down.

"Well, Charles," he said, "some of the teachers say you aren't getting very good marks."

"Yes," I said, "that's true." I didn't care about the marks.

"But Charles," he said, "you know the scholastic standard of this school is very high and we have to drop people when their work becomes unsatisfactory." I told him I knew that also. Then he said a lot of things about the traditions, and the elms, and the magnificent military heritage from our West Point founder.

It was very nice outside of his room. He had his window pushed open halfway and one could see the lawns pulling down to the road behind the trees and the bushes. The gravy-colored curtains were too heavy to move about in the wind, but some papers shifted around on his desk. In a little while I got up and walked out. He turned and started to work again. I went back to my next class.

The next day was very brilliant and the peach branches were full against the dry sky. I could hear people talking and a phonograph playing. The sounds came through the peach blossoms and crossed the room. I lay in bed and thought about a great many things. My dreams had been thick. I remembered two converging hills, some dry apple trees and a broken blue egg cup. That is all I could remember.

I put on knickers and a soft sweater and headed toward school. My hands shook on the wheel. I was like that all over.

Through the cloudy trees I could see the protrusion of the new tower. It was going to be a beautiful new tower and it was going to cost a great deal of money. Some thought of buying new books for the library instead of putting up a tower, but no one would see the books. People would be able to see the tower five miles off when the leaves were off the trees. It would be done by fall.

When I went into the building the headmaster's secretary was standing in the corridor. She was a nice sort of person with brown funnels of hair furrowed about a round head. She smiled. I guess she must have known.

THE COLONEL

Every morning we went up into the black chapel. The brisk headmaster was there. Sometimes he had a member of the faculty with him. Sometimes it was a stranger.

He introduced the stranger, whose speech was always the same. In the spring life is like a baseball game. In the fall it is like football. That is what the speaker always said.

The hall is damp and ugly with skylights that rattle in the rain. The seats are hard and you have to hold a hymnbook in your lap. The hymnbook often slips off and that is embarrassing.

On Memorial Day they have the best speaker. They have a mayor or a Governor. Sometimes they have a Governor's second. There is very little preference.

The Governor will tell us what a magnificent country we have. He will tell us to beware of the Red menace. He will want to tell us that the goddam foreigners should have gone home a hell of a long time ago. That they should have stayed in their own goddam countries if they didn't like ours. He will not dare say this though.

If they have a mayor the speech will be longer. He will tell us that our country is beautiful and young and strong. That the War is over, but that if there is another war we must fight. He will tell us that war is a masculine trait that has brought present civilization to its fine condition. Then he will leave us and help stout women place lilacs on graves. He will tell them the same thing.

One Memorial Day they could not get a Governor or a mayor. There was a colonel in the same village who had been to war and who had a chest thick with medals. They asked him to speak. Of course he said he would like to speak.

He was a thin colonel with a soft nose that rested quietly on his face. He was nervous and pushed his wedding ring about his thin finger. When he was introduced he looked at the audience sitting in the uncomfortable chairs. There was silence and

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the dropping of hymnbooks like the water spouts in the aftermath of a heavy rain.

He spoke softly and quickly. He spoke of war and what he had seen. Then he had to stop. He stopped and looked at the boys. They were staring at their boots. He thought of the empty rooms in the other buildings. He thought of the rectangles of empty desks. He thought of the curtains on the stage and the four Windsor chairs behind him. Then he started to speak again.

He spoke as quickly as he could. He said war was bad. He said that there would never be another war. That he himself should stop it if he could. He swore. He looked at the young faces. They were all very clean. The boys' knees were crossed and their soft pants hung loosely. He thought of the empty desks and began to whimper.

The people sat very still. Some of them felt tight as though they wanted to giggle. Everybody looked serious as the clock struck. It was time for another class.

People began to talk about the colonel after lunch. They looked behind them. They were afraid he might hear them.

It took the school several weeks to get over all this. Nobody said anything, but the colonel was never asked again. If they could not get a Governor or a mayor they could get someone besides a colonel. They made sure of that.

Margaret Courtwright

Margaret Courtwright was very nice. She was slightly bald and pulled her pressed hair down across her forehead. People said that she was the best English teacher in this part of the country, and when boys came back from Harvard they thanked her for the preparation she had given them. She did not like Edgar Guest, but she did like Carl Sandburg. She couldn't seem to understand the similarity. When I told her people laughed at Galsworthy she said that people used to laugh at Wordsworth. She did not believe people were still laughing at Wordsworth. That was what made her so nice.

She came from the West a long time ago. She taught school for so long that people ceased to consider her age. After having seen twenty-seven performances of "Hamlet" and after having taught it for sixteen years, she became a sort of immortal. Her interpretation was the one accepted on college-board papers. That helped everyone a great deal. No one had to get a new interpretation.

When she asked me for tea I sat in a walnut armchair with grapes carved on the head and traced and retraced the arms on the tea caddy. One time I read her one of my plays. She thought it was wonderful. She thought it was wonderful because she did not understand it and because it took two hours to read. When I had finished, she said, "You know that thing just took right hold of me. Really it just swept me right along. I think it's fine that you like to write. I once had a Japanese pupil who liked to write. He was an awfully nice chap until one summer he went down to Provincetown. When he came back he was saying that he could express a complete abstraction. Fancy . . . a complete abstraction. Well, I wouldn't hear of it and told him how absurd it all was and tried to start him off with Galsworthy again, but I guess he had gone just too far. In a little while he left for New York and then Paris. It was really too bad. One summer in Provincetown just ruined him. His marks fell down . . . he cut classes to go to symphony. . . ." She went into the kitchen and got a tray of tarts.

The pastries were flaky and covered with a white coating that made them shine in the dead sunlight. I watched the red filling burst the thin shells and stain the triangles of bright damask. The tarts were good. I ate most of them.

She was afraid I would go the way of her Japanese pupil. She doubted anyone who disagreed with Heine on Shakespeare and Croce on expression.

One day she called me into her antiseptic office and spoke to me of reading Joyce. "You know, Charles," she said, "this sex reality can be quite as absurd as a hypercritical regard for such subjects. You know that, don't you? Of course, you do." Then she went out of the room. She had straight ankles and wore a gold band peppered with diamond chips on her ring finger. She seemed incapable of carrying the weight of the folds in her clothing. Her skirt was askew, either too long in front or hitching up on the side. Always one thing or the other.

When I left school she did not like it. She was afraid I might go too near Provincetown. She wished me good luck and moved the blotter back and forth on her desk. Then she returned to teaching "Hamlet."

Late in February Laura Driscoll got fired for telling her history pupils that Sacco and Vanzetti were innocent. In her farewell appearance the headmaster told everyone how sorry he was that she was going and made it all quite convincing. Then Laura stood up, told the headmaster that he was a damned liar, and waving her fan-spread fingers called the school a hell of a dump where everyone got into a rut.

Miss Courtwright sat closely in her chair and knew it was true. She didn't mind much. Professor Rogers with his anti-feminization movement bothered her a little, too. But she knew that she had been teaching school for a long time now and no movement was going to put her out of a job overnight—what with all the boys she had smuggled into Harvard and sixteen years of "Hamlet."

Laura Driscoll

History classes are always dead. This follows quite logically, for history is a dead subject. It has not the death of dead fruit or dead textiles or dead light. It has a different death. There is not the

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timeless quality of death about it. It is dead like scenery in the opera. It is on cracked canvas and the paint has faded and peeled and the lights are too bright. It is dead like old water in a zinc bathtub.

"We are going to study ancient history this year," the teacher will tell the pupils. "Yes, ancient history will be our field.

"Now of course, this class is not a class of children any longer. I expect the discipline to be the discipline of well bred young people. We shall not have to waste any time on the scolding of younger children. No. We shall just be able to spend all our time on ancient history.

"Now about questions. I shall answer questions if they are important. If I do not think them important I shall not answer them, for the year is short, and we must cover a lot of ground in a short time. That is, if we all coöperate and behave and not ask too many questions we shall cover the subject and have enough time at the end of the year for review.

"You may be interested in the fact that a large percentage of this class was certified last year. I should like to have a larger number this year. Just think, boys: wouldn't it be fine if a very large number—a number larger than last year—was certified? Wouldn't that be fine? Well, there's no reason why we can't do it if we all coöperate and behave and don't ask too many questions.

"You must remember that I have twelve people to worry about and that you have only one. If each person will take care of his own work and pass in his notebook on time it will save me a lot of trouble. Time and trouble mean whether you get into college or not, and I want you all to get into college.

"If you will take care of your own little duties, doing what is assigned to you and doing it well, we shall all get along fine. You are a brilliant-looking group of young people, and I want to have you all certified. I want to get you into college with as little trouble as possible.

"Now about the books. . . ."

I do not know how long history classes have been like this. One time or another I suppose history was alive. That was before it died its horrible fly-dappled unquivering death.

Everyone seems to know that history is dead. No one is alarmed. The pupils and the teachers love dead history. They do not like it when it is alive. When Laura Driscoll dragged history into the classroom, squirming and smelling of something bitter, they fired Laura and strangled the history. It was too tumultuous. Too turbulent.

In history one's intellect is used for mechanical speculation on a probable century or background. One's memory is applied to a list of dead dates and names. When one begins to apply one's intellect to the mental scope of the period, to the emotional development of its inhabitants, one becomes dangerous. Laura Driscoll was terribly dangerous. That's why Laura was never a good history teacher.

She was not the first history teacher I had ever had. She is not the last I will have. But she is the only teacher I have ever had who could feel history with an emotional vibrance—or, if the person was too oblique, with a poetic understanding. She was five feet four inches tall, brown-haired, and bent-legged from horseback riding. All the boys thought Laura Driscoll was a swell teacher.

She was the only history teacher I have ever seen who was often ecstatical. She would stand by the boards and shout out her discoveries on the Egyptian cultures. She made the gargoylic churnings of Chartres in a heavy rain present an applicable meaning. She taught history as an interminable flood of events viewed through the distortion of our own immediacy. She taught history in the broad-handed rhythms of Hauptmann's drama, in the static melancholy of Egypt moving before its own shadow down the long sand, in the fluted symmetry of the Doric culture. She taught history as a hypothesis from which we could extract the evaluation of our own lives.

She was the only teacher who realized that, coming from the West, she had little business to be teaching these children of New England.

"I do not know what your reaction to the sea is," she would say. "For I have come from a land where there is no sea. My elements are the fields, the sun, the plastic cadence of the clouds and the cloudlessness. You have been brought up by the sea. You have been coached in the cadence of the breakers and the strength of the wind.

"My emotional viewpoints will differ from yours. Do not let me impose my perceptions upon you."

However, the college-board people didn't care about Chartres as long as you knew the date. They didn't care whether history was looked at from the mountains or the sea. Laura spent too much time on such trivia and all of her pupils didn't get into Harvard. In fact, very few of her pupils got into Harvard, and this didn't speak well for her.

While the other members of the faculty chattered over Hepplewhite legs and Duncan Phyfe embellishments, Laura was before five-handed Siva or the sexless compassion glorious in its faded polychrome. Laura didn't think much of America. Laura made this obvious and the faculty heard about it. The faculty all thought America was beautiful. They didn't like people to disagree.

However, the consummation did not occur until late in February. It was cold and clear and the snow was deep. Outside the windows there was the enormous roaring of broken ice. It was late in February that Laura Driscoll said Sacco and Vanzetti were undeserving of their treatment.

This got everyone all up in the air. Even the headmaster was disconcerted.

The faculty met.

The parents wrote letters.

Laura Driscoll was fired.

"Miss Driscoll," said the headmaster during her last chapel at the school, "has found it necessary to return to the West. In the few months that we

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have had her with us, she has been a staunch friend of the academy, a woman whom we all admire and love and who, we are sure, loves and admires the academy and its elms as we do. We are all sorry Miss Driscoll is leaving us. . . ."

Then Laura got up, called him a damned liar, swore down the length of the platform and walked out of the building.

No one ever saw Laura Driscoll again. By the way everyone talked, no one wanted to. That was all late in February. By March the school was quiet again. The new history teacher taught dates. Everyone carefully forgot about Laura Driscoll.

"She was a nice girl," said the headmaster, "but she really wasn't made for teaching history. . . . No, she really wasn't a born history teacher."

Five Months Later

The spring of five months ago was the most beautiful spring I have ever lived in. The year before I had not known all about the trees and the heavy peach blossoms and the tea-colored brooks that shook down over the brown rocks. Five months ago it was spring and I was in school.

In school the white limbs beyond the study hall shook out a greenness, and the tennis courts became white and scalding. The air was empty and hard, and the vacant wind dragged shadows over the road. I knew all this only from the classrooms.

I knew about the trees from the window frames. I knew the rain only from the sounds on the roof. I was tired of seeing spring with walls and awnings to intercept the sweet sun and the hard fruit. I wanted to go outdoors and see the spring. I wanted to feel and taste the air and be among the shadows. That is perhaps why I left school.

In the spring I was glad to leave school. Everything outside was elegant and savage and fleshy. Everything inside was slow and cool and vacant. It seemed a shame to stay inside.

But in a little while the spring went. I was left outside and there was no spring. I did not want to go in again. I would not have gone in again for anything. I was sorry, but I was not sorry over the fact that I had gone out. I was sorry that the outside and the inside could not have been open to one another. I was sorry that there were roofs on the classrooms and trousers on the legs of the instructors to insulate their contacts. I was not sorry that I had left school. I was sorry that I left for the reasons that I did.

If I had left because I had to go to work or because I was sick it would not have been so bad. Leaving because you are angry and frustrated is different. It is not a good thing to do. It is bad for everyone.

Of course it was not the fault of the school. The headmaster and faculty were doing what they were supposed to do. It was just a preparatory school trying to please the colleges. A school that was doing everything the colleges asked it to do.

It was not the fault of the school at all. It was the fault of the system—the non-educational system, the college-preparatory system. That was what made the school so useless.

As a college-preparatory school it was a fine school. In five years they could make raw material look like college material. They could clothe it and breed it and make it say the right things when the colleges asked it to talk. That was its duty.

They weren't prepared to educate anybody. They were members of a college-preparatory system. No one around there wanted to be educated. No sir.

They presented the subjects the colleges required. They had math, English, history, languages and music. They once had had an art department but it had been dropped. "We have enough to do," said the headmaster, "just to get all these people into college without trying to teach them art. Yes sir, we have quite enough to do as it is."

Of course there were literary appreciation and art appreciation and musical appreciation, but they didn't count for much. If you are young, there is very little in Thackeray that is parallel to your own world. Van Dyke's "Abbé Scaglia" and the fretwork of Mozart quartets are not for the focus of your ears and eyes. All the literature and art that holds a similarity to your life is forgotten. Some of it is even forbidden.

Our country is the best country in the world. We are swimming in prosperity and our President is the best president in the world. We have larger apples and better cotton and faster and more beautiful machines. This makes us the greatest country in the world. Unemployment is a myth. Dissatisfaction is a fable. In preparatory school America is beautiful. It is the gem of the ocean and it is too bad. It is bad because people believe it all. Because they become indifferent. Because they marry and reproduce and vote and they know nothing. Because the tempered newspaper keeps its eyes ceilingwards and does not see the dirty floor. Because all they know is the tempered newspaper.

But I will not say any more. I do not stand in a place where I can talk.

And now it is August. The orchards are stinking ripe. The tea-colored brooks run beneath the rocks. There is sediment on the stone and no wind in the willows. Everyone is preparing to go back to school. I have no school to go back to.

I am not sorry. I am not at all glad.

It is strange to be so very young and to have no place to report to at nine o'clock. That is what education has always been. It has been laced curtseys and perfumed punctualities.

But now it is nothing. It is symmetric with my life. I am lost in it. That is why I am not standing in a place where I can talk.

The school windows are being washed. The floors are thick with fresh oil.

Soon it will be time for the snow and the symphonies. It will be time for Brahms and the great dry winds.

Jon Cheever.

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Drought Relief—a Worm's-eye View

Has Anything Been Done for the Dirt Farmer?

SOME WEEKS ago President Hoover called together a group of men to consider ways and means of helping the farmers in various parts of the country who faced financial ruin by reason of the drought. To a mere home-keeping country woman this was cheering news. It seemed so simple a matter for a great and rich government like ours to render substantial assistance to a group of its own people who were threatened with disaster through no fault of their own.

The newspaper-reading public knows of the federal and state commissions and the county committees which were appointed to administer drought relief. It also knows that one of the first forms of relief offered was a reduction in freight rates on carload shipments of hay and feed for livestock, the benefit of such reduced rates to accrue to the farmer-consumer. This seemed to our farmers and county agricultural agent a generous and worthwhile measure on the part of the railroads, particularly to those who realized that a carload of hay offered at $15 per ton in Nebraska would have added to it a $17.50 freight bill when it reached our county.

It happens that in our county all feed is distributed through the local feed dealers, as our farmers do not operate on a scale which would permit carload buying by the individual. As soon as it became known that the county agent had authority to sign permits for the reduced freight rate, the dealers began to flock to his office. When he explained to them that the benefit of the reduction must go to the farmer, they may have been disappointed, but the farmer's prosperity is their prosperity, and they were willing to do what they could to keep him buying, though it meant no additional profit to them.

The first dealer to apply asked for a permit for a car of hay which was already loaded and ready to move forward to him. He signed an agreement to give his buyers the benefit of the reduced rate, and the county agent proceeded to issue the permit.

"Shipper's name and shipping point?"

Mr. Dealer bought through a broker, and did not know.

"The permit cannot be issued without that information. Better wire your broker."

The wire was promptly dispatched, but the broker did not receive it kindly. If he told the seller's name and address, what was to prevent Mr. Dealer from ordering his next load of hay direct? However, after the expenditure of much time, temper and $3.74, the broker furnished the necessary information and the permit was issued. Then it began its travels.

To quote the memorandum issued by the United States Department of Agriculture, "the local railroad agent, upon receipt of this application, will transmit the same to the transportation officer of his railroad requesting permit for such movement, such permit to specify the commodity to be shipped, the quantity to be shipped, the shipping point, destination and name of consignee and consignor and the time limit in which the shipments are to move. The transportation officer will issue the permit to the originating carriers and at the same time will furnish a copy of the permit to the district manager of the Car Service Division of the American Railway Association having jurisdiction in the territory in which the designated supplies are received, or originated, in the case of livestock, for the purpose of policing the arrangements." Does it sound a bit complicated and unexpeditious? Then I will only mention in passing a few other details.

There are three separate territories from which shipments may be made at the reduced rates: the Official Classification Territory, with a 50-percent rate effective August 14; the Southern classification Territory, with a 50-percent rate effective August 18, and the Western Classification Territory, with a two-thirds rate effective August 25.

The Department of Agriculture specified that the dealer must swear that none of the feed obtained at the reduced freight rates would be sold to anyone but needy farmer-consumers. Rather a delicate position in which to place the dealer!

Antedating the present drought, the railroads had a "milling-in-transit" rate on mixed feeds, and 80 percent of the feed bought in our county comes under this classification. It now develops that this milling-in-transit rate is lower than the much publicized emergency rate, and, therefore, the farmer obtains no benefit from the latter when buying feed.

But most important of all is the fact that the reduced freight rates are effective only until October 1, 1930, whereas the great majority of the drought-stricken farmers will have home-grown feed sufficient to last until January 1, and it is after that date that the heavy demand for outside feed and hay will come.

Early in August, in a news article, the Federal Farm Board expressed deep concern over the "reports of serious drought in a number of agricultural regions." But it had a "practical and workable"

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plan to offer. If feed dealers, business men and farmers in any stricken community would form under the laws of their own state "a responsible corporation which will guarantee the payment of notes to be given by individual farmers," a plan could quickly be developed whereby the Grain Stabilization Corporation could sell feed grains in car lots on the easy-payment plan. The local organization would distribute the feed and collect the farmers' notes when due. As we are told that the capital stock of this corporation would have to be $10,000, the stricken farmers do not evince any eagerness to incorporate.

Hopes were held out for other types of drought relief, and some 300 farmers met in the courthouse one Saturday in August to talk over the situation with the county drought-relief committee. There was no whining. They did ask for work and they had reason to hope that they would get it, for they had read in the papers that the federal government and the state would probably advance money which had been appropriated for road work in 1931, so that the proposed work could be commenced at once, thus giving employment to many men. Now we learn that the federal government will advance this money not earlier than June 31, 1931, and it will, therefore, not be possible for our state to advance its appropriations, as these can only be advanced to meet sums furnished by the federal government.

The consensus was that there would be some real suffering among the poorer farmers—those who, in the best of years, lived a hand-to-mouth existence—and that they would have to be taken care of, but the majority of our farmers could get through *if* some way could be found for the postponement of payment of taxes and federal-farm-loan instalments.

Later this "if" was discussed by the leaders, and their conclusion was this: if taxes are not paid, money must be borrowed to carry on the county's business, and returned with interest; the lapsed taxes, the current taxes and the interest on the loan all would come out of the farmers' pocket a little later, when they are slowly recuperating from the effects of this drought. As to declaring a moratorium on federal farm loans in favor of drought-stricken farmers, that is out of the question because a moratorium would apply to everyone who had a federal farm loan.

About the time these disheartening conclusions had been reached we began to hear about "government seed and fertilizer loans." We were unofficially advised that the government had on hand a part of a storm-relief appropriation made for seed and fertilizer loans in the Southern states, which would probably be available for use in the drought-stricken counties. This appropriation can only be loaned to farmers who cannot get credit from any other source. It can only be used for seeding fall grazing crops and only for such grazing crops as farmers can get a reasonable amount of grazing from before the end of the year 1930. In order to be of any value to the farmer under these conditions, the money must be in his hands early in September. No official instructions regarding the method of obtaining these loans have been received by anyone in the county, but it is understood that when the machinery finally is set in motion, the farmer wishing to obtain the loan will have to apply for it, the application will have to be approved by members of the county drought-relief committee and sent to the Government Loan Office, whence, if the loan is approved, a check will be sent to the farmer—but when?

To sum up, drought relief to date amounts to this—from the railroads, a gesture; from the government, nothing.

A DIRT FARMER'S WIFE.

Publishing, Old and New

ONE OF the ironies of journalism is that the subject of one's discussion too often vanishes before one's thoughts have occasion to solidify. I find myself in this plight over a few reflections I wrote a little while ago upon the possible consequences of the dollar book: even while the article remained on the editor's tray, the situation in publishing perceptibly changed: just the other day the leader in the movement advertised two obviously popular novels at the old rate, in a large advertisement that did not even politely mention the fact that the dollar book had ever been broached. This does not make the business of publishing less perverse and amusing than it actually is at present; but unless the wind shifts suddenly to another quarter, there is nothing one need say about the dollar book—except that it may not stay in the race long enough to give a run for the money.

Most of the discussions of the dollar book, however, have ignored various interesting facts in the recent history of American publishing; and it would perhaps do no harm if I pieced together a little gossip and history and first-hand experience as author, reader and editor, and showed how they bear upon the present state of affairs.

We are all aware that a literary renaissance has gone on in America since 1912: one need not exaggerate its value in order to acknowledge its reality. But most of us forget that this awakening was accompanied by definite social and economic changes in publishing. By 1910 the older publishing houses were barnacled in routine. One of the biggest of

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them spent vast sums in advertising its most popular writer and in making a household commodity of his complete works; but the young and original writer got very little encouragement within those dignified offices, and though scholarly books were published, even if they brought in small returns, almost every other kind of work had hard going. The author's royalties usually did not begin until after a thousand copies had been sold; he was charged strictly for corrections made in proof; and his chances for an advance against royalties were generally laughable. Publishing was a good conservative business of the *rentier* kind, making up in solidity and respectability and above all in safety what it lacked in enterprise. People who were on the make went into automobiles.

Around 1910 this situation began to change. A young Irishman named Mitchell Kennerley started a new regime, the regime of personal publishing, which rested largely on the tastes and intuitions and interests of the publisher himself, rather than on the fossilized tradition of the house, and which sought to bring to the fore new writers, as well as continue safely with the old. There had always been such limited, independent enterprises in England: Mr. Kennerley acclimated the idea to America. Under his colophon a succession of new writers came out: D. H. Lawrence was one of them, Mr. Walter Lippmann was another; and almost every promising young author before 1915 came under Mr. Kennerley's wing. The enterprise was a little unstable, to put its defects in the most kindly way possible; and the relations between the publisher and author usually terminated in a one-sided but increasingly acrimonious correspondence: but no matter. The books themselves appeared, whether anyone made money on them or not. Literature does not necessarily flourish when the authors themselves are flush; what is necessary is that the writer should find an audience and break through the sacred egoism of adolescent solitude; and Mr. Kennerley provided this opportunity by bringing back a spirit of fun and adventure and derring-do into the enterprise. His example was infectious. Around 1912 Macmillan and Holt decided to build up the most unprofitable of all publishing departments, that of poetry; and they began to publish Lowell, Robinson, Masters, Lindsay, Frost, Sandburg, with no anticipation of the popularity these poets were speedily to have.

Mr. Alfred Knopf, if I remember right, got his first experience with Mr. Kennerley; and within eight or ten years, after the original enterpriser had dropped out of the game, a succession of new firms came into existence, headed by Knopf, Harcourt, Liveright, Huebsch and the Brothers Boni. Some of these firms were not merely solvent but highly successful; others were always a little groggy and skipped from one desperate chance to another, like Eliza on the ice floes, with the paper manufacturer and the printer panting hot on their trails. Good or bad, successful or unsuccessful, safe or insolvent, these new firms all had a different spirit. A friend of mine once urged one of these men to get hold of a certain eminent author. The publisher replied that he had no doubt of the writer's talents, but that he personally was too disagreeable to deal with. "Good heavens," exclaimed my friend, "you don't mean to say you'd strike an author off your list because you don't like to deal with him socially." But the publisher was firm; he was not, he said, running a butcher's business, and if he didn't enjoy publishing he would close up shop and devote himself to some more lucrative enterprise. This attitude of personal interest, this willingness to take chances for the sake of literature, no matter what the business department said, gave the younger writers of the last ten years a warmer initial reception than any of their literary progenitors had received, and the serious but unpopular writer had at least the satisfaction of being published, without a long and sickening delay. Who can ask for more from his contemporaries?

During the last few years, in the general laxness of credit, new names and new capital entered the publishing business; and even the older houses were made over on the new model, some of them regaining not a little of their early lead: the very interior decoration of the offices recorded the change, and, following Mr. Knopf's pioneering, the format and the typography of American books improved enormously. The competition for even unknown authors became keen: eventually it passed the bounds of decency, and a respectable writer felt a little as if he were walking down Seventh Avenue past a series of second-hand clothing merchants, each eagerly grabbing him by the lapel and seeking to draw him in. The last five years were a flush and gilded period for the author: too flush, too gilded; and more than one neophyte lost his head, slipped on a banana peel and fell with a sharp crack to the pavement. But this period had its good side, too: the writer's royalties increased in percentage, his advances were larger, and he was often thereby enabled to spend more time on his work; and he was even respectfully consulted as to the choice of type and binding—a matter which the old houses used to keep grimly in their own hands. Over against this one must set the bad manuscripts that were published too easily, the weak authors who were touted too loudly, the increasing overhead of luncheons, dinners and literary teas, and an indescribable but very real lowering of morale, so that editorial critics withheld useful suggestions for changes because of the likelihood that the writer would, in dudgeon, haul his manuscript off to a competitor around the corner.

There is no telling what would have happened if the Wall Street collapse had not come; but I suspect that this merely hastened the day of reckoning. Within six months this warm atmosphere became as hospitable as Greenland's icy mountains.

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The romance and the glory suddenly evaporated; royalties kited down and advances disappeared. A year's accumulation of books was stalled on the counters. How could this ice jam be broken?

The notion of applying to publishing the methods of mass production and of seeking to enlarge the market by reducing the price naturally rose to the surface in this emergency; but although this expedient now seems bound to be a very temporary one, it may be resurrected in one fashion or another during the next few years, and before we embrace it too heartily, it would be well to realize some of the dangers that it carries with it. The first great danger is that mass production works admirably in standardized articles subject only to slight changes in design: it could probably be applied with great success to the later novels of H. G. Wells, for example, or, on a lower level, to the works of Mr. Harold Bell Wright, but the very fact of standardization makes experiment out of the question. The publishing product would have to be geared to produce a sure sale of a hundred thousand or so to be really profitable; even here, if it did not increase the usual royalties of standard popular writers, as well as double their circulation, these authors would probably make their dissatisfaction known, unless their vanity counterbalanced their loss. Moreover, once the standards of publishing success became purely pecuniary ones, the author who merely brought honor or glory to the house would be dropped from the books: when Standard Books, Inc., took over half a dozen firms, they would naturally "write off" such authors, and take good care that they did not appear again on the lists. I remember the ominous words of a capable advertising executive, one of the best in that unfortunate trade, when I discussed the publishing business with her a few years ago. "If I consented to handle a publisher's advertising, I would do exactly what I do with other manufacturers. 'How many lines do you produce?' Perhaps he would answer, thirty. I would say: 'Cut them down to five and advertise them.' That's the way to put books across."

The real difficulty with increasing the circulation of good books—and this is the only kind that need seriously concern us—is the fact that we have not a sufficiently large audience of intelligent and cultured people ready to absorb them. That is a truism. There is doubtless a large potential book audience among the millions who read the MacFadden magazines, for example; but once the attempt is made to reach this audience, the sort of book produced *en serie* will be the exact equivalent of Dream Stories and True Romances, and on the whole, violet-ray treatments and vacuum-cleaners and cheap motor cars take care of the surplus energies and incomes of this group quite as satisfactorily as books possibly could, with a smaller amount of spiritual degradation. The circulation of books is an accurate reflection of the popular intelligence, in our present culture, and to dream of large circulations with our present standards of living and thinking is to place the superstructure beneath the foundation. Picking at random a French book from my shelves, I note that Poincaré's "La Valeur de la Science" has sold 33,000 copies. Until books of this quality have a similar potential circulation in America, without ballyhoo or the aid of book clubs, there is no use hoping for reduction in price, for no matter how widely Edgar Rice Burroughs might sell, our Poincarés and our Prousts would still be in the same plight that they are now, and their publishing price would reflect that position.

The situation would be sinister were it not for the power and importance of the American public library; and as it is, it is quite painful enough. But the reduction of the cost of American books to a price comparable to that of French books would not be a remedy for the disease but a sign that health had come. The success of various series of classics and cheap current reprints is a good sign, all the more because it has precious little to do with mass production, standardization and high-pressure salesmanship. But unless cheap books are to become a disaster, the circulation of good books must first increase; for there is a Gresham's law in publishing, too, and the fate of the smaller independent newspaper might equally be that of the small independent publisher—and of the books that he had the courage, the honor or the bad business sense to publish.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

In Two Flats

Symphony in Two Flats, by Ivor Novello. Shubert Theater, September 16, 1930.

THE NEW play at the Shubert, written by the popular English playwright and actor, song writer and film star, falls into two parts. Somewhat idly, perhaps, the two floors in the studio-apartment house have for the most part a very slight connection, and the two stories running alongside serve only as a sort of counterpoint: in one house there is money and a blurring of love and romance, in the other there is perfect love, passionate ambition and no money. Nothing is done with the opportunities for the crossing of the two family histories: for example, the young man's incessant piano playing overhead is given little dramatic value. Remarkable things might have been done by contrasting or combining, for their mutual implication, this thing which was going on in the young man, threatened with ruin and blindness, and which was pouring forever out in his music, and, below stairs, the folly, oddity and emotional surges of Mrs. Plaintiff's household.

The story in the flat above, briefly, is that of a young couple, meeting at the Chelsea Arts Ball, he a young song writer, she already engaged. They fall in love at sight and become engaged and then married. Leo, the faithful suitor, millionaire—his portrait is a bit limp—goes on loving and helping her through the play, after the musician tries for the symphony prize, goes blind, has no money

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at all. Then Leo disappears for the final reunion-forever scene between the two. In the flat below there is a mother suffering from her late husband's will; the will decrees the loss of her income and her daughter's if her daughter marries before the age of twenty-four, which the alluring creature—who escapes a good deal of that coy tiresomeness of Galsworthy young ladies—is constantly on the point of doing. There is also a ward, a half sister by the father's sole slip, left to the wife's care, dedicated to parallel bars and painting in the super-realist style; a creature who, at least as she is acted by Miss Ethel Baird, is a genuine creation and the best thing in a play that in the flat above is somewhat specious, sentimental and thin, and in the flat below is rather artificial comedy, often delightful enough, and now and again drifting windily farceward. In the field of comic character development (in her case we might better say a creative addition to the author's portrait of the character) I should say that Miss Baird is the best discovery of several seasons. Her work is crowded with wit and a strange, blunt whimsy, as well as by a most capital timing to the dramatic moment and effect. You constantly see the actress' mind moving carefully and deliciously through her part.

As a comedy, "Symphony in Two Flats" is most agreeably in line with the pleasant tradition of the English stage; and that, too, without the help of the newest dirt. It is agreeably derived now and then from the older comedy, Sheridan or Oscar Wilde or Congreve, but does not suffer thereby at all. There are even moments when the dramatist's mind seems to be enjoying itself, a rare thing these days, or such is the case in our American theater at least, which likes anything snappy and wise-cracking, but does not insult the public prejudice by any indecent exposure of mere naked mentality. And the expert playing of the veteran technician, Miss Lilian Braithwaite, whom the program describes as a favorite of Queen Mary and King George (passionate devotees of nobody knows exactly what in any art beyond the royal Christmas cards), does a great deal to point every point available to pointing. Her performance is, in fact, expert in every sense and always diverting; a good deal of a genuine character is created and a vast amount of stage instinct and lively habit is exhibited. We have nobody in our theater who can do quite what Miss Braithwaite does.

As to the tragic half of the piece, it is sometimes moving in a mild way. By virtue of the mere scene itself, sheer nervous torture, we are now and again harrowed, though for my part resentfully, since I have no taste for surface pains and emotional balladry. The depth, in sum, of this drama of the young artist and his young wife is convincing but slight. It is convincing partly because Mr. Novello and Miss Hume play it sincerely and, as far as they go, feel its popular sadness. It is also convincing because the dramatist appears to have little idea that it is all about on the level of a popular sentimental song. As animals, artists like this young man now presented to us suffer; as artists, they have their beloved and familiar moods, they worry, they are endearing. As portrayals of art and artists, they are only concessions to the middle class, flattery to the mediocre and tear ducts for the sadness and evening's emotional exercise of the audience; they are the Sewanee River, the melody sighs, to such as would die if they were a week away from the intriguing pavements of our city.

It is interesting to digress here for a note on the artist as he is portrayed on the English stage, the Anglo-Saxon stage—since in our American theater, the Jews, Russians and Italians have some understanding, reverence and sense of peril when art and its creators are involved. In "Symphony in Two Flats," though it is almost unkind to take the play seriously with regard to art and artist, or any of life indeed, we have the usual English stage account of an artist. He is a being quite childish and to some people adorable; he is non-rent-paying; he is successful sometimes in making money and quite unconvincing sometimes with his popular triumphs, which exhibit a complete failure on his creator's part to understand what the nature of the triumphing work of art may be. He has not much brains but startling intuitions; he is even a beloved vagabond. In sum he does not take his proper place in a regular, propertied, enviously half-bored and solid society. Everyone watching his story is somewhat compensated by all this and understands that the woman sacrifices herself—if she does (and if she doesn't, another tender woman will)—and forgoes the fatter comforts she might have with another, only because of her gentle love for the man who she feels must need it. Nothing is said about the fact that a tenth part of such a man may be less tedious—at least there is more guessing and variety—than the whole of some solider fellow whom one's parents find advisable; nothing is said about the need in some souls for a vague, half-sensed dream which shall bind them more strongly to another than nodding by the fire after dinner will do, or golf, or something jolly in backgammon. The contrast of this Anglo-Saxon portrayal of the artist with the Continental portrayal is not without point. There are dramas and races—in the modern world especially—where the artist's power to draw life to himself, his dangerous and beautiful persuasion, his non-social tendency and uncertain fire are the main points of interest, and where his commercial success, as a means of making a dear woman and all her family unapologetic about him, is not the strong theme it is with us. In such regions the artist is not made—in unconscious self-defense on the public's part—into a sort of raw or dear freak; he may or may not be practical, but the powers he may have, emotional, physical and creative, approximate the powers of life, and are to be looked at accordingly. But such artists as the young musician in Mr. Novello's play can only in any important way be put over the footlights to us in terms of personality—Mr. Warfield, for a lovable example, in "The Music Master," and, in a profound sense, Ben-Ami in "Samson and Delilah."

This personality, or poignancy, Mr. Novello by no means has. He seems a fervent young man, with a mild degree of looks, who would have a wistful melody running through life and an honest labor to render such parts as this present one, or "Liliom," for one instance out of his numerous roles, with due thought and sincerity. As an actor he has a minor literary talent; that is to say, he thinks of things to do on the stage as a novelist might for the hero to do in a book, but cannot quite put them into acting. As an actor right and proper he has almost no talent at all.

Miss Benita Hume played the musician's young wife with a very agreeable air of sincerity and good taste and far

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more chic in her appearance than most English actresses seem able to manage. Over the whole production of "Symphony in Two Flats" there was an air of taste and refined proportion that was not without its lesson to Broadway.

STARK YOUNG.

Emperor Hughes

"HELL'S ANGELS," according to the unexpectedly accurate statement of its corps of press agents, is "the most pretentious spectacle ever produced." It cost four million dollars. It took four years to write and film. The producer and director, Mr. Howard Hughes, assembled for it the largest fleet of aircraft ever brought together by an individual—a larger air force than is possessed by the governments of many great countries. In an aerial conflict between Mr. Hughes and China, between Mr. Hughes and the Argentine Republic, between Mr. Hughes and the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, it is conceivable that Mr. Hughes would be the victor. He staged such a battle in the skies, a dog fight between twenty-five Fokkers on the one hand and twenty-five British S.E.-5's and Sopwith Camels on the other. It was perhaps larger and certainly more sensational than any actual air engagement on the Western front. The picture of which it is the climax is one that "tops the world"; it is "breath-taking, stupendous, everything imaginable." It took no less than four years to write and produce. It cost four million dollars.

I have often seen advertisements of motor cars on which all the resources of a great corporation were lavished. Their seven-bearing crankshafts were designed and equilibrated by experts after thirty years of experiment. Their eight or sixteen cylinders were fashioned by machines more complicated than the human brain. Their upholstery was copied from fabrics preserved in the great museums of Europe. And cradled on this upholstery, directing the power of these eight or sixteen cylinders, were human beings so stiff, so empty, so inane, that they seemed to be merely the by-product of some imperfect machine. I have seen Broadway at night, with fifty thousand wan faces under the splendid glow of the Neon lights. "Hell's Angels" is like Broadway; it is like a Cadillac or a Lincoln crowded with imbeciles.

It is a film in which machines are the heroes and villains. Every expense is lavished upon them; their authenticity is guaranteed. The airplanes, many of which survived the minor battles of Picardy and Flanders before being heroically wrecked in the California clouds—the Sopwiths and Fokkers and Avros are all of the types really used in the War. The dirigible so sensationally destroyed is an exact reproduction of one downed over Calais. The machine guns are real machine guns, the bombs are real bombs, the drum of motors is the drum of genuine motors. But the actors themselves are false, puny, inadequate, the only real automatons in a world of vital steel.

The people are incredible—but after spending so much money on a real dog fight in the air, why should the producer waste other months and millions on the details of a pillow fight at Oxford? What does it matter if the students there are made to act like fraternity boys in a cow-country college? Why shouldn't British officers at mess be given chuck-wagon manners and the accents of the South Brooklyn waterfront: who really cares? Why shouldn't a splendid Hollywood orgy take place in a village behind the lines? All these minor errors will be forgotten in the tictac of genuine machine guns overhead and the sight of raw death tearing the nerves like bullets tearing the fuselage.

The story "distinguished by its originality and historic fidelity"—the story doesn't matter. It is about two Oxford men, brothers with round American faces, and a platinum blonde from Kansas City, "strikingly beautiful and only nineteen years old," who doesn't bother at all to act like an English lady. There is a lot of sex stuff, a lot of thrill stuff, a lot of expensive photography, and finally both brothers die in the best theatrical tradition. It isn't much of a story. But behind its confused and mechanical details, there is the private drama—now rendered public—of its producer, director and angel.

Consider the case of Mr. Howard Hughes, aged twenty-four, the inheritor of Texas millions and a representative of the class which everyone thinks should produce new Romans with all their Suetonian vices—but which so rarely does! Mr. Hughes is unexpectedly true to the cult of the Twelve Caesars. Like Nero, he has a strain of the artist in his nature: he has spent four of his brief years and four of his Texas millions in producing a "dream picture" which Nero would have admired. Like Tiberius and Domitian, he seems to delight in the spectacle of death: at least we are privileged to draw this inference from "Hell's Angels." It is full of deaths: men dying in surprise, dying in wooden discipline, dying in remorse, or in shrieks of impotent rage, or in a last suicidal act of defiance that stretches through a hundred feet of film. This evening in the American theater is more crowded with corpses than was ever the Colosseum. To all these deaths, however, Mr. Hughes has added a feature significant of advancing civilization.

They are symbolic. . . . In very early times, a living representative of Adonis was crucified or torn by wild boars in order to restore the fertility of the earth. A living victim was cast into the sea to appease the storms that threatened the fishing fleet. Later, the god died only in mimicry and the waves were asked to accept an image. Tiberius, Caligula, Domitian were primitive rulers in that they required real victims to die a visible death. Mr. Hughes belongs to our own perfected era. Watching "Hell's Angels," we have the pleasing assurance that these aviators are acting death for wages, that soon they will be drinking, not mead out of skulls, but soda-pop, that this burning Zeppelin is empty of human freight, that our blood lust is being satisfied symbolically—and with dividends to the producer who hired the symbols, who set them in authentic machines, who flew about them directing the fictitious details of their agony. "Hell's Angels" is the realization of a Neronian dream. It is a vicious picture, too, but not for this reason. It is vicious because it is anti-human—because the people who enact these simulacra of death are themselves only the simulacra of people.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Charity or Words in China

SIR: In the report of the American Red Cross Commission to China, much space is given to show that the work of the relief agencies now operating in China is ill advised and largely futile. Of course, if this could be shown to be the case, it would tend to justify the Red Cross in its inaction in this cause. But certainly all right-feeling people must agree that criticism directed by one philanthropic organization against others in the same field should be scrupulously just, and above suspicion of inimical motive. What do we find?

A question is raised as to the comparative efficacy of methods in relief work. Which is better, direct charity or employment on construction projects? It appears that the answer depends on which agency is conducting the work. In the China famine of 1920-21, the China International Famine Relief Commission distributed free relief. At the same time the Red Cross gave relief by employment—and what a superior method it was! Roads were built and wells were dug, tending toward the prevention of future famines. The Red Cross "thus left a permanent addition to the assets of the country as a by-product of its relief operation, while the relief operation conducted by the Famine Relief Commission left little in the form of material improvement. The comparison between the parallel efforts was much commented upon. . . ."

But now that the China Famine Relief Commission as a result of experience and study has adopted the policy of relief by employment on famine-preventive projects, how unethical and wasteful the plan has become! "Money given for the relief of suffering constitutes a sacred trust." If given in response to such a plea as, "Give a dollar and save a life," every dollar is expected to "go straight to a starving famine sufferer, carrying its full value in food." It is unethical to divert a dollar so collected either to maintain "a staff of executives, engineers, accountants and clerical personnel," or to carry on "constructive relief projects, which, while providing preventive measures against future famine, sacrifice many present sufferers who might be saved by less expensive and more widely applicable methods, such, for instance, as the free distribution of grain in the villages of the famine area."

One cannot fail to be impressed with such scrupulousness, but it naturally occurs to the reader to wonder where the Red Cross gets the money to pay its executive and clerical personnel, or indeed to print and distribute the pamphlet under discussion. People all over the country respond annually to the Red Cross drive in the name of sufferers from flood, famine, battle, earthquake or any other great calamity; but did any contributor ever suppose that the Red Cross would spend its money to publish a voluminous pamphlet for the purpose of alienating sympathy from starving millions in China and of opposing the endeavors of every philanthropic agency doing relief work there, including the China Famine Relief Commission, the Swastika Society, the Salvation Army and foreign missions?

One of the grounds of criticism of these organizations is, according to the Red Cross report, a lack of coöperation among them. If they could all unite in one, their efforts combined would add strength to each unit. "Failure to take advantage of this well established principle is equivalent to accepting a smaller return for the money and effort expended, when a larger return is available at no greater cost."

The principle is obviously undeniable, but the criticism is just as obviously mere carping. Of course, as has often been remarked of the various religious sects, it would be a great advantage if all could unite in one. But, as yet, many people give and work more confidently through their own familiar, if narrower, channels. And now it transpires that perhaps it is just as well that they do. The organization which more than any other has unified the service of mankind in time of need is the Red Cross—and what is the Red Cross doing now in China? Precisely nothing. On the contrary, it is using its powerful influence, in its published report, to deter and discredit the efforts of every agency now giving aid. And this is the organization that roundly criticizes the others for lack of unity and coöperation!

The Red Cross report maintains at length that relief work is neither necessary nor practicable in China. To show that it is not necessary, the statement is made that famine, in the ordinary sense of the word, does not exist there. Such local food shortages as exist are not of such magnitude that they cannot be handled by the Chinese themselves. There is enough food to prevent starvation if existing resources are made available.

However, when arguing that foreign relief work is not practicable, the report depicts China's poverty as a "shoreless sea." The people there are always in a state of semi-starvation anyway, due to the density of the population. Thousands die daily of starvation, "yet it is only when some great catastrophe such as flood or a drought concentrates millions of starving in one area that we hear of a famine in China and are asked to contribute to rescue work." Furthermore, "China's population will be double its present total by the end of this century unless the normal increase is checked by famines, epidemics and wars." In these circumstances, argues the Red Cross, foreign relief agencies can do little.

It is evident that conditions cited to prove relief work impracticable counteract the impression that there is enough food in Chinese territory, and that the Chinese themselves can cope with their food shortages unaided. It is also evident that the Red Cross has traveled far from the spirit and purpose of its founder. What has become of mercy and succor? Because China is a land of chronic semi-starvation, is that a reason why the Red Cross should refuse to perform its function when a calamitous drought occurs there? The dreadful chronic conditions make the calamity worse and the appeal more compelling. If all cannot be saved, the logical reaction is not to abandon all, but to redouble efforts to save as many as possible.

And what of the argument that China's population will double in the next century unless checked by famines, epidemics and wars? Famine then is desirable because it starves out the superfluous people, and we, who have plenty, should follow the banner of the Red Cross and pass by on the other side! Is this the social philosophy of the society founded by Clara Barton?

Brooklyn, N. Y. MADALENE D. BARNUM.

SIR: You have been kind enough to offer us the opportunity to reply, through the columns of The New Republic, to Mrs. Madalene D. Barnum's criticisms of the report of the American Red Cross Commission to China. It does not seem, however, that anything would be gained by taking advantage of this offer. The commission's report is in print and we will be happy to mail a copy to any inquirer. An examination of the complete document (which can be read in a few minutes) will enable the reader to see, in their correct places and connection, the quotations which, in the criticism, have naturally been wrenched from their proper context. The reader will thus be enabled to place his own interpretation upon the spirit, quality and character of the report.

New York City. JOHN BARTON PAYNE.

Enter the Conciliator

SIR: The testimony of Conciliation Commissioner Charles G. Wood before the House of Representatives committee investigating Communist activities calls to mind a similar story told some time ago by a member of the staff of the Conciliation Department of the Department of Labor.

Five months after I took up the practice of dentistry in Passaic, the last disastrous strike in that city was in full swing. Because of my known interest in labor matters I received several invitations to speak on the strike. I delivered two addresses; one in the Unitarian Church and another before the University Club. In each of them I pointed to a possible way out of the muddle. After the second talk, word was brought to me that G. M. Hartt, editor of The Passaic News, wanted to see me. I called on Hartt and found not only a man who was an unusual editor for such a small town, but one who would be an exception on a large metropolitan daily. Finding a man who could think my thoughts and speak my language, I spoke freely. We chatted for a long time.

At the end of the talk, Hartt said:

"I think I ought to tell you something, Doctor. There are two

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men in town from the Conciliation Department. One of them was in this office while you were waiting to see me. He told me an interesting story about you. The names of the two conciliators are Moffet and Liller. It was Liller who spoke about you.

"He told me that about four years ago you mulcted the city of Paterson of $25,000 under the pretense that you could help that city out of its labor difficulties. He said that the principal sufferer in this case was the Paterson Chamber of Commerce. He also told me that you had a diploma from a fake dental college and that you were practising your profession without a license from the state board."

I thereupon called up the Paterson Chamber of Commerce and got Fitzgerald, the secretary, on the phone to speak to Hartt. Fitzgerald stamped the story as a lie. Fifteen minutes later Mr. Hartt was shown a diploma from the Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery, now merged with the University of Pennsylvania, and a certificate showing that I had passed the New Jersey state board in 1904.

Mr. Liller also told Mr. Hartt that he would repeat that story to every important person in town. Because such a statement, backed apparently with the authority of the federal government, might cause my family some needless suffering, I took action. I wired to Secretary of Labor Davis. I recited the incident and stated that if Liller repeated the story a warrant for his arrest would be sworn out and that the matter would then be put squarely up to the Department of Labor.

While the wire remained unanswered, Liller left town and the story was not repeated. I imagine that the only reason why Moffet also did not tell the story is that Moffet had in mind something which I could tell about his activities as president of the United Hatters of North America.

The foregoing took place in 1926. . . .

Out of a considerable fund of stories of conciliation and conciliators, I chose this one because it is a personal one and I have for the main points in it unimpeachable proof, personal and documentary.

This was not a new experience to me. I had been honored by the federal government once before. During the time when A. Mitchell Palmer was saving this country from the Red menace, I was visited by an agent with a gold badge. There were two charges against me at that time: one, that I had been a speaker at a Mooney protest meeting; the other, that I was a regular reader of The New Republic.

Passaic, N. J. WILLIAM LEVINE.

Give the How Fortune to J. P. Morgan

SIR: Relative to Mr. Nicholas Klein's letter in your issue of September 3, as to how to dispose of the J. Eads How fortune to "produce justice and a classless society throughout the world." Obviously the order cannot be filled, but the fortune can be a factor in the process thereto, as was meant.

I think the best way would be to invest it in securities of the greatest monopoly, thereby aiding in bringing class society more readily to its climax and consequent abolition.

Sacramento, Calif. WILLIAM P. BRICKLEY.

Child Slavery in China

SIR: Is it not an American journal of opinion with a too sensitive stomach that can feel anything "sickening" in what happens as far away as China? I refer to your two editorial paragraphs in which you deplore in the best nineteenth-century liberal manner the existence of what you call slavery in China, as proved by an "official British report." You do not say why the British should go making official reports about anything in China—considering unemployment, coal mines and India.

In the first place, there are many more serious conditions in China just now than slavery, so-called. Like many other evils, judged by absolute standards, this is an integral part of a system, which must be changed as a whole before any part can be changed—and which may have other compensating characteristics, incidentally. Why isolate that one?

In the second place, is it not time to abandon the foolish practice of translating into our own terminology something from another social language and, in doing so, using words that carry an entirely different connotation? Chinese slavery is not slavery in the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" sense. (Was Southern slavery?) A slave girl is bought; but so, in China, is a wife. As you say, slaves are usually set free or allowed to buy themselves free at the age of twenty and in the interval they do "household drudgery." And what, sir, do you suppose household work is in a New York tenement? And what was it anywhere until mechanical devices freed women from the most menial tasks of the kitchen? If "household drudgery" is slavery—then what? Also, as you say, it is true that many slave girls become concubines. So do many who are not slave girls. And what about it? Why talk like Queen Victoria? What is a concubine, please? She is a secondary wife; she is a lesser wife, not a prostitute; she shares the home of her man publicly; she has children by him and they are legitimate and share in the family patrimony. She has a personal status, and her personal and social status are infinitely higher than that of a kept woman in New York. True, as you also say, many slave girls become prostitutes. Well, so do many little Baptist girls in Texas. So do they everywhere if they are economically hopeless. The lot of the slave girl is never happy, it is often wretched. All depends on the character of the master. But if I had to leave an orphan, I should far rather that she become a slave girl in China than a mill hand in the American South. I should rather take my chance on the humanity of her master's wife, who being herself a mother might have some understanding of a child's capacities, needs and feelings. I have yet to hear of any understanding in a factory.

I suppose it is necessary for a few nineteenth-century middle-class English-American liberals to survive into the twentieth, but The New Republic is not in character in that role. Haven't we outgrown all that? Can't we stop getting ourselves worked up over very distant social evils? Every social system breeds its own kinds of malaise. You cannot cure any one malaise without going to the organic difficulties of the system which produced it. And neither you nor the British official quoted, nor I—nor the Chinese—know enough about China to prescribe. It is a charming characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon constitution to get excited about the malaises of other systems, but it is ridiculous. To clothe oneself in ignorance and go charging about the world looking for distant lost causes on which to sacrifice oneself in rhetoric was one of the banal poses of 1875 that can well be forgotten. Remember that this is the sort of thing that breeds the white-man's-burden state of mind and sets us off to reform other people by conquering them and making 20 percent a year out of their resources.

Never mind the slave girls. Stick to North Carolina mills, New York gangsters and Mr. Hoover's tariff. You can get sick enough on West Twenty-first Street from just reading New York papers. Why get headaches over China?

NATHANIEL PEFFER.

New York City.

[Mr. Peffer suggests a geographical limitation on human sympathies which becomes absurd as soon as you think of it in comparative terms. If one is not to be interested in the sufferings of people as far away as China, what about those slightly nearer, in Japan, the Philippines, Hawaii, California? How about the Caribbean? At what point would he draw the boundary line? And why does he assume that it is impossible both to fight injustices and cruelty at home and to be concerned about the same things in more remote regions? It is quite true that social conditions and customs are different in China and that phrases which have one connotation in occidental countries have another in the Orient, but it is also true that human suffering is the same everywhere. Mr. Peffer should not forget that his argument—namely, that occidental standards cannot be applied in other parts of the world—is the very one used by imperialists to justify forced labor and other practices which he detests as much as we do.—THE EDITORS.]

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"We Old Diplomatists"

Portrait of a Diplomatist, by Harold Nicolson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 337 pages. $5.

THIS CHARMING biography of one of England's most influential pre-war ambassadors and Foreign Office secretaries is not only an important contribution to history. It is a beautiful act of filial devotion. By avoiding panegyrics and by preserving a proper perspective, Harold Nicolson disproves the dictum of the late W. R. Thayer that no son is a fit biographer of his father. By familiarity with his father's private papers, as well as with the mass of recent documentary material, he has painted a portrait as artistic in form and as solid in content as Trevelyan's "Life of Macaulay" or Lord Newton's "Life of Lord Lansdowne."

Published last spring in England as "Lord Carnock, a Study in the Old Diplomacy," this volume instantly created a stir in Germany, where it quickly appeared in translation under the somewhat misleading title, "The Conspiracy of the Diplomats." Its peculiar interest lies in the fact that Harold Nicolson has revealed some facts which do not appear in the hitherto published documents, makes some shrewd comments on the psychology of his father's colleagues—Sir Edward Grey, Sir Eyre Crowe and Sir William Tyrrell—and is at pains to understand and express the German as well as the English point of view.

After filling various minor posts, Sir Arthur Nicolson —to use the name by which Lord Carnock is best known— went to Tangier in 1905. There, and later as British Ambassador in Madrid, he watched the growing Moroccan storm, and then conducted the British negotiations at the Algeciras Conference. It was in connection with Morocco that his scrupulous sense of fair play was first ruffled by the violence and inconsistency displayed by Herr von Holstein and the German Foreign Office. He felt that Germany, under cover of Morocco, was endeavoring to isolate France and break up the Anglo-French Entente, of which he thenceforth became a whole-hearted advocate.

From Madrid, Nicolson went to St. Petersburg, and achieved a notable diplomatic success in negotiating the Anglo-Russian Entente of 1907. Here, too, he was antagonized by what he regarded as Austrian duplicity and German violence in the Bosnian crisis, but in justice to him it must be remembered that his information was largely based on the deceptive statements and bitter complaints which Izvolsky poured endlessly into his ear. Nicolson, however, was supremely contented with his four years on the banks of the Neva. He loved the Russians and their fickle ways. It was rather gloomily that he gave up this pleasant post in 1910, and consented to take up the more arduous work of Permanent Under-secretary in the Foreign Office.

As adviser to Sir Edward Grey, he used all his experience and influence in favor of what he believed to be the best means of preserving the peace of Europe. He thought this could best be accomplished by maintaining intimately the ententes with France and Russia, by some limitation or reduction of naval armaments and by avoiding any entangling "political understanding" or neutrality formula with Germany. As he wrote to the British Ambassador in Berlin on April 1, 1912, in connection with the futile Haldane Mission:

> It is perfectly clear to me that they [the Germans] are endeavoring to entangle us in some engagement which would absolutely prevent us having full liberty of action in case of certain eventualities. . . . It would certainly impair and weaken our relations with France and Russia. . . . So long as we remain free to act as circumstances may require, there is a very good chance of peace being maintained; while on the other hand, if the Germans were certain that we would not intervene, I could not give many months for peace being maintained.

A few months later, according to his son, Sir Arthur Nicolson was in favor of tightening the Triple Entente by more definite and binding agreements than the Anglo-French "military conversations" which had been going on very secretly since 1906. In this he was supported by Sir Eyre Crowe. But Sir Edward Grey was hesitant. His ignorance of Continental psychology made him underestimate the importance which the French attached to the "military conversations," the actual nature of which Grey admitted that he did not know. His expert knowledge of ministerial and parliamentary psychology convinced him, on the other hand, that, once these "conversations" had been taken seriously by the French, the uninformed members of the Cabinet would be extremely annoyed. The fatal result was the further illogical and ambiguous situation created in the fall of 1912: the Grey-Cambon exchange of notes, which aimed to satisfy the whole Cabinet that Grey still had his "hands free"; and the new naval arrangements, by which the northern coasts of France were left to the protection of the British navy. "It seems almost incredible," says Harold Nicolson, "that the British government did not realize how far they were pledged. They had, in fact, committed themselves to a guarantee which would involve England either in a breach of faith or a war with Germany." The tragic truth was not fully grasped until July, 1914.

The exciting events of the last days before England was at war are vividly pictured: Cambon staggering into Nicolson's office, white and speechless, because Grey would give no definite promise of support; Grey raising his clenched fists and bringing them down with a crash on the table, as he groaned, "I hate war"; and young Harold Nicolson himself, hurrying at night to the bedside of Prince Lichnowsky to replace one ultimatum to Germany, based on false information from the Admiralty, by another more suitable document.

Because of failing health, Lord Carnock retired from office in 1916. Leisure and reflection gave him a better perspective than most men in those days. Incensed at the propagandist theory that Germany had deliberately provoked the War, he wrote an article in 1917 in which he tried to put the German case more fairly. It closed with:

> All are anxious for a durable peace. But there will be little hope of durability if it were thought to impose on great communities terms which would be regarded as intolerable or humiliating, and which would sow the seeds of revengeful animosity. A peace to be durable—though nothing in this world is durable or permanent—should so far as human foresight can provide, be moderate and just.

He sent the article to one of the leading British quarterlies, but it is significant of the atmosphere of wartime hatred that the editor sent him back his manuscript. It is a pity that Harold Nicolson did not add it in an appendix.

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Lord Carnock followed the peace negotiations at Versailles with apprehension, and condemned the clause making Germany and her allies solely responsible as being both undignified and meaningless. "I cannot understand it," he would say, "you cannot impose a moral judgment on a whole people. I feel sure we old diplomatists would never have done such a thing."

The author, after the close of the War, was for some time connected with the British Embassy in Berlin. Enjoying this vantage point, he is able to get a better perspective of the history of his own country. He is able to adjust Continental spectacles across his nose and look at Perfidious Albion with the eyes with which the Spanish, French and Germans have in turn regarded her during the past four centuries. He rightly emphasizes, to be sure, the folly and psychological obtuseness of the Germans in insisting upon building a powerful navy. But, at the same time, he makes it clear that he does not consider Germany primarily responsible for the War, and that he feels nothing but dislike for that ignorant and disgraceful paragraph in the Treaty of Versailles which, as the German sense of pride and moral justice now demands, ought to be revised:

> Germany is placed at an unfair disadvantage in all discussions of the origins, as distinct from the causes, of the War. As regards the origins (1900-1914) I consider Germany at fault. Though even then, less at fault than Austria or Russia. As regards the causes (1500-1900) I consider that the main onus falls on England. . . . Our own predatory period—and it was disgraceful enough—dated from 1500 to 1900. During that period we were far more violent and untruthful than were the Germans during those fourteen years which preceded the War. Unfortunately, however, historians of the War are bound, from lack of space, to throw the maximum emphasis upon the period when England was sitting digestive in her armchair, and when Germany, young and hungry, was manifesting the unwisdom of adolescence. Before we blame Germany, we must first blame our own Elizabethans. The spirit was exactly the same: the Germans, however, owing to a higher state of culture and rectitude, behaved less blatantly: and were less successful.

The volume abounds in vivid personal touches of Harold Nicolson's own youthful memories. But never through obtruding an egotistical "I." With admirable modesty he is merely "Sir Arthur's youngest son," who keeps himself pleasantly in the background and yet recounts episodes in which he played a leading part. See, for instance, the delightful account in which "the Ambassador's son," believing he heard burglars in the Embassy archives at St. Petersburg, roused his father and the military attaché, who crept into the room to seize the burglar in the dark. There was a shout, a crash, a gurgle. The son, who had remained behind, rushed to the switch and turned on the light—and found his father struggling violently in the hands of the attaché, who had grabbed him by the throat. The supposed burglar was found to be a large brown cat. This self-effacement leaves Sir Arthur always the central figure of the biography, just as clearly as we see him the central figure in the photograph, sitting bent in his folding chair in the midst of his eight bright-eyed grandchildren. To write with such intimacy and yet with restraint bespeaks in a son the most enviable biographical skill.

SIDNEY B. FAY.

An Acoustical Investigation

New Musical Resources, by Henry Cowell. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 144 pages. $2.50.

IT IS a fairly well known fact that no musical tone is "pure" in either the psychological or mathematical sense. The lowest string of a violin, for instance, vibrates through its whole length and produces the note G. But it simultaneously vibrates in sections of one-half, one-third, one-fourth of its length, and so on. These subsidiary vibrations produce an infinite series of overtones, which rise successively in pitch but decrease in loudness. The quality or timbre of the note depends on the presence of these and on their relative intensity.

Mr. Cowell bases his whole argument on certain derivations from this principle. It is a mathematical fact that the first four overtones automatically produce the individual notes of the common chord. In the early days of harmony, even up to the time of Palestrina, the consonance of the common chord was sufficient for composers. Between that time and Wagner, harmony gradually became more complex. Mr. Cowell claims that this complexity proceeds from the combining of the next highest notes in the overtone series. And he shows, more by inference than anything else, that the elaborate dissonances used by modern composers similarly derive from combinations suggested by still higher reaches in the overtone series. (His own harmonic system of tone clusters, as he calls them, is deliberately based on this inference.) Going still further up in the series, notes are discovered which bear a high fractional relationship to the fundamental note. These, according to Mr. Cowell, are responsible for the quarter-tone and sixth-tone experiments of Alois Haba and other present-day composers.

Not content with this, Mr. Cowell applies this complicated mathematical principle to the construction of new rhythmical and metrical patterns. These he develops not only in the single melodic line, but also deliberately in combination. He goes so far as to use the principle as a purely arbitrary basis for dynamic progressions and relationships, and even suggests its application to the problems of musical form.

Mr. Cowell is entirely mathematical and technical in his approach, but he is at least "modern" in that the psychological and human element is entirely neglected. His book is really an acoustical investigation rather than a consideration of new musical resources, and his discovered principles are mostly fantastic. That some of them are of no practical value whatever can be inferred by quoting such a passage as: "This is a meter of 2 1/7, since an accented note will be followed by one and one-seventh unaccented notes. One measure of such meter will contain two 49-225ths notes plus one 7-225ths note. . . ."

Mr. Cowell gives no reason why these fine-spun mathematical notions should be imposed on modern musical theory, because there is none to give. The whole thing is entirely arbitrary and personal. But it must at least be admitted that he has worked out his schemes and patterns very thoroughly and ingeniously. This is not at all a book for the musical layman, as the jacket maintains; but for those who can understand, it makes interesting reading. The material is there, and Mr. Cowell lights on some things from which it is possible to draw other, and perhaps more reasonable, conclusions.

JEFFREY MARK.

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High Comedy

The Governor of Massachusetts, by Elliot Paul. New York: Horace Liveright. $2.

THE SUBJECT of this novel was fortunate to fall into such competent hands as Elliot Paul's. On the surface only has Elijah Griffin, the "Governor," a resemblance to Calvin Coolidge: he is taciturn, but because he is unassuming and without show; Griffin becomes governor of Massachusetts by a fluke, but Mr. Coolidge did not succeed to the presidency because his predecessor ate fatally, as Elijah Griffin's did, of soft-shell crabs; he is incompetent, perhaps, but nobody says he is anything else; and finally he has a certain literal honesty, which is somehow tremendously amusing, and not merely a banal mind which is not amusing. The resemblance of the principal character to Calvin Coolidge stops far short of being the reproduction of a caricature, and Elijah Griffin remains a genuine person who happens, through no fault of his own, to play the leading role in a comedy which reflects no discredit on him.

The comedy Elliot Paul produces round Griffin represents one of the most skillful handlings of the American scene that has been written. It is curious how little Paul has to exaggerate the manners of the times or of the people. None of the characters is, in any sense of the word, an exaggeration; none of them is, even, a composition of certain American traits. They are first and last individual persons who sleep with each other, at discrete or indiscrete intervals, eat with one another, and move about the city of Boston in perfect keeping with the customs of the realistic novel. They have few, or none, of the manners of the persons in Thomas Beer's "Sandoval," who live in the seventies in New York, very conscious of the general habit of wearing nightshirts, of Tweed's activities and other vulgarities. The characters of "The Governor of Massachusetts" are, too, no vehicles of bitterness, as many characters in modern novels have been when their authors tried to wring some amusement out of the American scene. This novel is a comedy of American social and political manners and not an indictment of them.

Political manners, like religious manners, are no easy matter to write about without becoming vindictive, wistful or heavy. Authors usually catch their political characters up to some hypocritical trickery about which they are being loud-mouthedly righteous. Authors rarely find an honest man who doesn't know what it is all about and who ought to be in the victim's place, if anywhere, rather than in the villain's. The rhetoric in "The Governor of Massachusetts" does not come out of the hypocrite's mouth, but from intelligent men who don't in the least relish it. In this novel it isn't the intelligent man who says, "For mercy's sake" to the politician, but the Governor himself who doesn't know what to make of high-flown words, especially when they concern him. And the intelligent man finally gets caught in the toils of the Watch and Ward Society.

The usual elements of satire are in the novel, but their arrangement is different. There are no black and white contrasts; there is no loosening of the novel's structure to get comic effects. Details are amusing because of their juxtaposition to other details; the air of probability about them is, however, never once disturbed. Virtue is the property of no one in the novel, except Elijah Griffin, whom it doesn't help much; the vices of the others are amusing, not extraordinary. Somehow the themes of this novel are played with admirable pedaling, and the result sounds considerably like the sounds of American life and politics that reach the ears of those who have to listen. Elliot Paul has shown, completely, that a novel can have complexity and solidity without its comic intent being blunted; and while the ordinary person may admire Paul's narrative powers as they should be admired, I imagine that a politician of the stature of Hanna would pay considerable respect to Paul's shrewdness.

KENNETH WHITE.

A Twentieth Century Liberal

The Tents of the Mighty, by Donald Richberg. Chicago: Willett, Clark and Colby. 267 pages. $2.50.

SOME YEARS ago Mr. Frederic C. Howe, in his "Confessions of a Reformer," gave his account of what is vaguely known as the uplift in the United States during the early twentieth century. Mr. Richberg deals with the same theme, with important local differences. Mr. Howe centers his story in Cleveland, where, with Newton D. Baker and Peter Witt, he was among the active lieutenants of Tom Johnson. Mr. Richberg was born in Chicago, and after finishing his course at the Harvard Law School, returned to that city to enter his father's office. His chief civic service was as special attorney of the city in its suit against the People's Gas Company. In spite of political intrigues he maintained this position and ultimately saved the city and consumers sums running into millions. When in 1912 the progressive movement was divided between Wilson and Roosevelt, Mr. Howe took the Wilson end, and directed the important office of Commissioner of Immigration at New York during the War. Mr. Richberg followed Roosevelt, and after the campaign of 1912 went to New York to engage in the effort to give permanence and direction to the Republican progressive movement by basing it squarely upon careful social study. Mr. Howe was later associated with the Plumb Plan. Mr. Richberg became attorney for the railroad brotherhoods and still holds that position. Recently, before the United States Supreme Court, he successfully defended the right of his clients, rather than so-called "company unions," to represent employees in negotiations with the railroad companies. The two books complement each other, the more because of certain differences in point of view. Mr. Howe writes in a strain of disillusionment and weariness. Nothing about Mr. Richberg's book is so appealing as the strain of optimism with which it closes.

In his long experience of the close organization of business, press and politics, not only in Chicago but throughout the country, Mr. Richberg has had ample temptation to become cynical. His observation of present conditions everywhere "evidenced the same relentless campaign to drive out of public office any man who did not accept the doctrine that those who pay for political campaigns have made investments in public officials which must pay good dividends. This doctrine provides the solid, 'business-like' foundations of party government which ensures minority control and preserves us from the dangers of government by majority rule."

Still more disheartening to a man who has made his client the commonwealth in its struggle against privilege is the defeat of generous enterprises, the betrayal of the cause of public welfare even in the house of its friends. Mr. Richberg is fortunate in having evolved a social philosophy and devised a method of its application. He has given up

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politics for law. "No progressive party in the United States," he declares, "will ever progress appreciably until its rank and file have been educated to understand that the principal and supreme lawmakers in this nation are the judges." And in the face of a Supreme Court dominated by Charles Evans Hughes and Pierce Butler he asserts his confidence in his philosophy in terms so simple, so reasonable, so persuasive, that one is surprised that the gates of hell still prevail against it:

> As the quantity of property under individual control increases, the owner's social responsibility might be likewise increased as a matter of law. Public obligations might well be imposed in exact proportion to the public interest. The owner of an eighty-acre farm, or a little shop, may operate his property—may "run his business"—to suit himself. The public is chiefly interested in protecting this owner's individual freedom—in preserving the independence of his life that makes him a free and self-respecting citizen. But the owner of eighty thousand acres has the power to give a thousand men employment and an opportunity to earn a living, or to deny them that opportunity, or to grant it only on oppressive terms. Is not the public more interested in opening up opportunities for freedom to a thousand men than in preserving the arbitrary freedom of one man? . . .
>
> The absolute control of the individual over his own property, which is held for personal use, should be preserved in so far as there is no direct interference with the public health, safety and welfare. The control of an individual over the properties of others is already limited by law under the obligations which follow a trusteeship. In like manner, and supplementing such obligations, it may well be established that, when an individual owns or controls properties for general or public uses in such a quantity as to create a substantial public interest in the management, he should be held to the appropriate obligations of a trustee of this public interest.

This statement might serve as a definition of modern liberalism, to replace that given long ago by John Stuart Mill in "Liberty." The policy of regulation of business in the public interest has hitherto been accepted only in the case of utilities in which the people as consumers are directly interested. It has not been markedly successful, and it will not be until such a general limitation of the rights of private property as Mr. Richberg proposes is adopted as a fundamental principle of law. ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

The Rollo Boys in Russia

Dog Lane, by Lev Goomilevsky. Translated from the Russian by N. R. Wreden. New York: The Vanguard Press. $2.

Cynics, by Anatol Marienhoff. Translated from the Russian by Valdemar D. Bell and Louis Coleman. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. $2.50.

ONCE I had the privilege of seeing a Moral Motion Picture, the high point of which was a scene depicting a chaste and Protestant young man slinking up a dark alley in the ancient, terrifying and delectable quest of sin. He didn't get very far up the alley. The scene suddenly shifted to show a dozen stringy adolescents rowing furiously in the gymnasium of the Y. M. C. A., while the title instructed us that rowing, on land or water, is an excellent moral substitute for Going to the Dogs.

"Dog Lane" is of this genre. Moreover, since the author is or has been a Soviet official engaged in writing educa-

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tional pamphlets for young people, one suspects that this is but one specimen out of a flood of hard-hitting tracts designed to correct the sexual divagations of the Communist youth. In fact, it seems likely that these moral Russians, before they get through, will make Bishop Cannon and his fellow crusaders look like a troupe of grass-skirt performers at an Elks' smoker.

Mr. Goomilevsky's especial target is the "Down with Shame" societies, whose love-without-roses doctrine is reduced to absurdity by the misfortunes that befall his central character. Significantly this earnest Russian propagandist undertakes to restore the word "bourgeois" to comparative respectability. He directs a scathing counter-attack upon the New People who defend their lack of ordinary decency and good sense in sexual matters by proclaiming that these are "bourgeois" virtues to which they owe no allegiance. Apparently, since Mr. Goomilevsky drew his material from court records, the New People are only slightly less stupid than the old ones.

Yet the Old People were, and probably still are, terribly stupid and overripe. In "Cynics," a novel competently constructed and characterized, but reeking with yellow-book preciosities, Mr. Marienhoff lets us see just how thin and shoddy the fiber of the pre-revolutionary intelligentsia had become. The decadent Olga and her equally decadent husband live through six years of civil war, famine and reconstruction. She sells herself first to her husband's brother, who is a Communist, and later to a prosperous Nepman, while her husband suffers exquisite masochistic tortures. In the end Olga regrets shooting herself—in the stomach of course—because she still has left a few of the brandied cherries which the Nepman gave her. On the whole, this is a moral work, too. Like "Dog Lane," it is commended to the attention of our American specialists in the sex business, the Messrs. Calverton and Schmalhausen.

JAMES RORTY.

Stagecoaches, Etc.

Six Horses, by William Banning and George Hugh Banning. New York: The Century Company. 410 pages. $4.

THE STAGECOACHES of Wild West days are surrounded by even more glamor than are those celebrated by Dickens. Perhaps this is why so much misinformation has grown up around them. "We don't want to present the stagecoach as it was," a moving-picture man said. "We must show it as the people think it was, or else they won't believe us." This, fortunately, is not the aim of Captain William Banning, a hale 'n' hearty survivor of stagecoach days, who has collaborated with his nephew George Hugh Banning, in writing "Six Horses." Their book, without robbing the coaches of any glamor, corrects many popular errors. The usual conception, so to speak, puts the coach before all six horses.

Seven Horizons, by Charles J. Finger. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 457 pages. $5.

CHARLES J. FINGER, with Clement Wood and Joseph McCabe, is busy with the mass production of culture for the readers of little blue books. They naturally have many admirers, and for their benefit Mr. Finger has written an autobiography which he calls "Seven Horizons." It is very disappointing because Mr. Finger seems to have lost contact with direct life. He refused to write of his sea voyage because he said that Conrad had made the sea

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his province, but in writing of other things Mr. Finger is never able to forget the books he has read, and his idea of what is authentic is similar to that of Joan Lowell.

Prayer for Profit, by Robert Collyer Washburn. New York: J. H. Sears Company. 305 pages. $3.

WITHOUT excusing that prejudice among the native born which defeated Al Smith, it is quite fair to remark that the immigrants and their children do not always speak of us New Englanders with the perfect flower of Old World courtesy. For example, Dr. Isaac Goldberg in The American Mercury refers quite gratuitously to "the vermin that came in the 'Mayflower.'" Robert Collyer Washburn, in his "Prayer for Profit," writes of the Pilgrim Fathers in almost the same spirit. In attempting to show their human side, he yields so much to the spirit of caricature and to his facile pen that his portrait of the passengers on the "Mayflower" is as distorted and inaccurate as Washington Irving's humorous sketches of the patroons—while lacking the literary merit of "The Knickerbocker Papers." JOE GOULD.

End of Roaming, by Alexander Laing. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

IF SCOTT FITZGERALD had not written "This Side of Paradise" or Somerset Maugham "Of Human Bondage," it is possible this first novel might have been interesting. It is curious, however, to find, even in a first novel, so many resemblances so patent. Richard Melville's problems are largely those of Fitzgerald's hero; his loves are inspired principally by the ideal woman of James Branch Cabell; the end of his adventures is singularly akin to Arrowsmith's. "End of Roaming" can hardly be said to represent the disillusionment of fine, high-aspiring youth, for in the youth in this book there is nothing to be lost but a series of literary influences, which have not even the virtue of being well disguised and well relayed. K. W.

Contributors

FRANCIS MILLER was a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford, specializing in modern international relations. This fall he will lecture on international relations at Yale.

HELEN HILL studied economics and politics at Oxford and has been connected with the Bryn Mawr Summer School for Women Workers in Industry. "Mare Nostrum, is a chapter from "The Giant of the Western World," a book in which she collaborated with Mr. Miller. It is to be published this month by Morrow.

JON CHEEVER says, "About biographical data I do not know. I was born in 1912. I have been to prep school for three years and I am not going to prep school any more."

LEWIS MUMFORD, critic of American life and letters, is one of the editors of "The American Caravan."

SIDNEY B. FAY is professor of Modern European History at Harvard University and Radcliffe College. He is the author of "The Origins of the World War."

JEFFREY MARK is a young English writer and composer now living in New York.

KENNETH WHITE, till recently an instructor in Philosophy at Harvard, contributes to the Hound and Horn and The New Freeman.

JOE GOULD, anthropologist and critic, has abandoned poetry to devote himself exclusively to his oral history of the world.

JAMES RORTY, poet and essayist, is the author of "Children of the Sun," a book of verse.

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